

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 473.—11 JUNE, 1853.

CONTENTS.

1. Abd-el-Kader on Horseback,	<i>Household Words</i> , . . .	645
2. Washington Irving,	<i>New Monthly Magazine</i> , . . .	646
3. The Preacher and the King,	<i>Athenæum</i> ,	653
4. L. E. L. and the Gold Coast,	"	657
5. Lord Byron's Autobiography,	"	661
6. The Spirit Rappings,	<i>Journal of Commerce</i> , . . .	663
7. The Dead, as described by Homer,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , . . .	666
8. Lamartine's Historical Work,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . .	673
9. Wanderings through the Cities of Italy,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	676
10. Poetry of Walter Savage Landor,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . .	679
11. The Lost Messmate,	" "	683
12. Lady Lee's Widowhood — Part II.,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . .	687

POETRY: An Incident — Ohs, 641; Give me a Home — Noiseless Wheels, 642; St. Stephen and his Cherubs, 656; Time, 678; The Secret of the Stream — An April Rhyme, 703; The Children — Dirge, 704.

SHORT ARTICLES: Leather — The Great Salt Lake of Utah, 652; Last Moments of Rob Roy, 662; Nicknames, 672; The Pine-Apple — Life without an Aim, 678; Too much Reading — Harmonic Rapping, 682.

NEW BOOKS: 665.

AN INCIDENT.

BY WILLIAM SYDNEY TRAYER.

THE Spring is breathing on the earth
Its soft warm gales of scented air,
And birds and bees are singing forth
The joy of Nature everywhere.

A darker green creeps o'er the hill,
The lilac purples in the hedge,
The budding willow by the rill
Leans with young boughs beside its edge.

The bush, that in the winter long
Tapped dolefully against the pane,
Is gladdened by a golden throng
Of blossoms brimmed with evening's rain.

But here, while all is joy and hope,
In Death's mysterious slumbers bound,
Lies one, whose eyes shall never ope
To the gay scene of life around.

On the cold wrinkled face a smile
Tells that the soul, exempt from change,
Has sailed for some serenest isle,
In happier fields than ours to range.

As free and light, as if the breeze
Had blown her from the odorous west,
A child, wreathed with anemones,
Glides towards the aged form at rest.

CCCLXXIII. LIVING AGE. VOL. I. 41

Her fair curls toss in wild delight,
Her sweet eyes are of changeful blue,
Yet the still mystery of that sight
Has touched them with a deeper hue.

Start not, dear child, so sweet and fair!
At the calm features thou hast viewed,
For thou, with that pale sleeper there,
Art linked in strange similitude.

Both at Life's dawning! thine is blent
Of care and mirth, of smiles and tears;
Hers, flooded with divine content,
Unchanging through the eternal years.

From the Ladies' Companion.

OHS.

BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

O! that I hearkened to each clock's advice,
What time it doles out life in tones precise —
Occasions lost shall never more avail!
O! that I studied o'er each day's deep tale!
The same is ne'er told twice; no more, no more,
Come th' opportunities we scorned before:
No day hath ever known a second dawn:
'Tis briefly lent to us, and then withdrawn.

O! that we might the least, light part regain
Of Time's lost treasures, proffered us in vain!

O! that calm Memory, of our deeds and days
Might spread a map, all sunshine to our gaze!
O! that Her voice—all music to our souls,
Could tell a tale as fair as Hope unrolls!
O! that each hour that fades from us in night,
Might bring a star of Truth and Trust to light!

O! that the fancies, that we see like flowers
Die in our path, in dark and wintry hours
Would yield their vacant place in aching hearts
To deathless hopes, whose freshness ne'er de-
parts!

O! that each sigh we heave—and who but
sighs?
Could lift the deep heart nearer to the skies!
O! that we read the World's great story right,
"Passing away" with all its pomp and might.

O! that all strong affections, that have power
In feeling hearts through Life's brief, flying
hour,
Might be with noblest trusts and thoughts en-
twined—
Pure as the first dreams of an infant's mind!
O! that our dear ones but our bliss might
share—
Lighten—but never languish with our care!
O! that we yet may feel, may find *their* love—
All our joy here—proves half our bliss above!

GIVE ME A HOME.

GIVE a home with garden lawn around—
The sweet grass mingled with the flower-decked
ground,
Let it slope gently to the soft-breathed south,
And quaff its warm draughts with a thirsty
mouth;
Let a green valley fair before it spread,
And through its mead a bright blue stream be
led;
Let high hills rise beyond, and a calm sky
Bend o'er and hide the neighboring town from
eye;
And be it roofed with thatch, or slate, or tile—
It matters not—so it has rustic style;
Let a small wood behind it lift its leaves,
At a healthy distance—yet above its eaves;
And let a winding path amid the trees
Lead to quaint seats and bowers of shady ease,
Where brother bards might list the cushat's coo,
And tone their thoughts to amorous accents low,
Or wander through the undergrowth of nut,
And hark the nightingale at evening shut;
And then within let woman fair be found—
Queen of the Hearth—with household honors
crowned
The Lady of the Board—supremely sweet—
Whose daily duties sandal angels' feet!
Companion—counsellor! a shield from strife!
Home's queen! man's help—a loving, faithful
wife!
And let glad children play her steps beside—
Girls, gentle, graceful—boys, with noble pride;
Tender, yet brave—gleesome, yet thoughtful
too;
Branches whose trunk shall joy in buds that
blow;

And then what else can heart desire in home—
What other light should aid dispelling gloom?
Save some sweet instrument whose tunings choice
Should sweetly mingle with the minstrel's voice—
A few fair sketches of earth, sea and sky;
Pencilings of distant friends to bring them nigh—
A little library of spirits rare;
Earth's great historians and sweet singers fair—
Kind saints—old sages—souls who cannot die,
But in their thoughts live on immortally;
Home friends!—its purifying element—
Who teach us wisdom—industry—content;
With such a Home, O, who would envy wealth!
With such a Home, and competence and health!
O, give me such! no marbled dome should rise
A truer temple grateful to the skies!

From Punch.

NOISELESS WHEELS.

THERE is a rumor and a talk
Of an invention that 's applied,
Not to the use of those that walk,
But to the use of those that ride.
What is it to the public ear
In loud advertisements appeals?
What do they speak of far and near?
What makes this noise? The "noiseless
wheels."

A subtle meaning may be found
Where 't is not looked for by the throng—
A "noiseless wheel!" Thus, free from sound,
The wheel of Time revolves along.
No voice is heard to note its speed,
Silent and swift it onward steals;
'T is only by its loss we heed
The flight of Time—with "noiseless wheels."

Under the sun there 's nothing new;
Whatever is, has always been:
Invention can but bring to view
Things that would else remain unseen.
The law of Nature—far and near—
The principle at once reveals;
The world, the seasons, year by year,
Go round and round, like "noiseless wheels."

The blood that warms the mortal frame
In circulation will be found;
The air about us does the same,
In silent currents twirling round.
The head itself will often swim;
The brain occasionally reels;
And round will come the lot of him
Who 's helped by fortune's "noiseless wheels."

But science may have missed its aim,
For clattering wheels are oft preferred
By those who think that noise is fame;
Not mute would be the vulgar herd.
Rare is the man his carriage owns,
Who modestly his state conceals;
He'd rather rattle o'er the stones,
Than pass unheard with "noiseless wheels."

From Household Words.

ABD-EL-KADER ON HORSEBACK.

SOME curious particulars respecting Arabian horses have lately been given to the world, from no less authoritative a source than Abd-el-Kader himself. General Daumas has published a work, entitled *Les Chevaux du Sahara*, and it contains the answers furnished by the Arab chief to a list of inquiries that had been expressly addressed to him. The emir's letter was translated into French by M. Boissonnet, its original form being scrupulously retained; and many of our readers may be gratified by the sight of an English version of the document, even if it be not likely to afford them any very great practical instruction.

November 8, 1851 (the 23d of Moharrem, the first month of 1268).

Glory to the One God. His reign alone is eternal.

Health to him who equals in good qualities all the men of his time, who seeks only after good, whose heart is pure and his discourse accomplished, the wise, the intelligent Lord, General Daumas, on the part of your friend, Sid-el-Hadi Abd-el-Kader, son of Mahi-Eddin. Behold the answer to your questions.

I. You ask how many days an Arabian horse can travel without resting, and without being made to suffer too much.

Know that a horse, who is sound in all his members, who eats barley which his stomach requires, can do whatever his rider wishes him. On this subject the Arabs say *Allef ou annf*. "Give barley and overwork." But without overworking the horse, he may be made to travel sixteen parasanges every day (a parasange is a measure of distance—originally Persian—equal to a French league and a half, or three and three quarters English miles, as near as may be); that is the distance from Mascara to Koudiah-Aghelizan, on the Oued-Mina; it has been measured in *drâa* (cubits). A horse performing this distance (of sixty miles English) daily, and eating as much barley as he likes, can go on without fatigue for three, or even for four months, without resting a single day.

II. You ask what distance a horse can travel in one day.

I cannot tell you precisely; but the distance ought to be not much less than fifty parasanges (one hundred and eighty-seven miles and a half), as from Tlemcen to Mascara. We have seen a very great number of horses perform in one day the distance from Tlemcen to Mascara. Nevertheless, a horse which has completed that journey ought to be spared the following day, and ought only to be ridden a much shorter distance. Most of our horses could go from Osmân to Mascara in one day, and would perform the same

journey for two or three successive days. We started from Saïda towards eight in the morning (*au dohha*), in order to fall upon the Arbâa, who encamped at Aain-Toukria (among the Oulad-Aïad, near Taza), and we reached them by break of day (*fedjer*). You know the country, and are acquainted with the road which we had to traverse.

III. You ask me for instances of abstinence in the Arabian horse, and for proofs of his power of enduring hunger and thirst.

Know that when we were stationed at the mouth of the Mélouia, we made *razzias* in the Djebel-Amour, following the route of the Desert. On the day of attack, we pushed our horses on for a gallop of five or six hours without taking breath, completing our excursion thither and back in twenty, or at most in five and twenty days. During this interval of time, our horses had no barley to eat, except what their riders were able to carry with them—about eight ordinary feeds. Our horses found no straw to eat, but only *alfa* and *chiehh*, or besides that, in spring-time, grass. Notwithstanding which, on returning home again, we performed our games on horseback the day of our arrival, and we shot with a certain number of them. Many which were unable to go through with this last exercise, were still in good travelling condition. Our horses went without drinking, either for one day, or for two; once, no water was to be found for three days. The horses of the Desert do much more than that; they remain about three months without eating a single grain of barley; they have no acquaintance with straw, except on the days when they go to buy corn in the Teli, and in general have nothing to eat but *alfa* and *chiehh*, and sometimes *guetof*. *Chiehh* is better than *alfa*, and *guetof* is better than *chiehh*. The Arabs say, "*Alfa* makes a horse go, *chiehh* makes him fit for battle." And "*Guetof* is better than barley." Certain years occur in which the horses of the Desert go without tasting a single grain of barley during the whole twelvemonth, when the tribes have not been received in the Teli. They then sometimes give dates to their horses; this food fattens them. Their horses are then capable both of travelling and of going to battle.

IV. You ask me why, when the French do not mount their horses till they are four years old, the Arabs mount theirs at an early age.

Know that the Arabs say that horses, like men, can learn quickly only in their childhood. These are their proverbs on that subject: "The lessons of infancy are engraved on stone; the lessons of mature age disappear like birds' nests." They also say, "The young branch rises straight up again without great difficulty; but the timber tree never rises up again."

In the first year, the Arabs teach the horse to be led with the *rêseun*, a sort of bridle. They call him then *dejeda*, and begin to bridle him and to tie him up. When he is become *teni* — that is to say in his second year — they ride him for a mile, then two, then a para-sango; and when he is turned of eighteen months old, they are not afraid of fatiguing him. When he is become *rebâa telata* — that is to say, when he enters his third year — they tie him up, cease to ride him, cover him with a good *djelale* (horse-cloth), and make him fat. On this subject they say: "In the first year (*djeda*) tie him up for fear any accident should happen to him. In the second year (*teni*) ride him till his back bends. In the third year (*rebâa telata*) tie him up again. Then, if he does not suit you, sell him."

If a horse is not ridden before the third year, it is certain that he will be good for nothing but for running, at most, which there is no occasion for him to learn; it is his original faculty. The Arabs thus express the thought: *El djouad idjri be aaselouh*; "The *djouad* runs according to his breeding." (The noble horse has no need to be taught to run.)

V. You ask me why, if the offspring partakes more of the qualities of the male than of the female parent, the mares, notwithstanding, sell for higher prices than the horses.

The reason is this; he who purchases a mare hopes that all the while he is making use of her he will obtain from her a numerous progeny; but he who buys a horse derives from it no other benefit than its services for the saddle, as the Arabs never take money for the use of their horses, but lend them gratuitously.

VI. You ask whether the Arabs of the Desert keep registers to record the descent of their horses?

Know that the people of the Algerian Desert do not trouble themselves about such registers, any more than the people of Teli. The notoriety of the facts is quite sufficient; for the genealogy of the blood-horses is as universally known as that of their masters. I have heard say that some families had these written genealogies, but I am unable to quote them. But books of the kind are in the East, as I have mentioned in the little treatise which I am shortly about to address to you.

VII. You ask which of the Algerian tribes are the most celebrated for the purity of race of their horses.

Know that the horses of the Hamyan are the best horses of the Desert, without exception. They have none but excellent horses, because they never employ them either for tillage or for carrying burdens. They use them only for travelling and for battle. These

are the horses which are best able to endure hunger, thirst, and fatigue. The horses of the Arbâa and of the Oulad-Nayl come next after those of the Hamyan. In the Teli, the best horses, in respect to purity of race, stature, and beauty of form, are those of the people of Chelif, particularly those of the Oulad-Sidi-Ben-Abd-Allah (Sidi-el-Aaribi), near the Mina, and also those of the Oulad-Sidi-Hassan, a branch of the Oulad-Sidi-Dahou, who inhabit the mountains of Mascara. The most rapid in the Hippodrome, and also of beautiful shape, are of the tribe of Flitas, of the Oulad-Cherif and the Oulad-Lekreud. The best to travel over stony ground, without being shod, are those of the tribe of Assassenna, in the Yakoubia. This saying is attributed to Moulaye Ismail, the celebrated Sultan of Morocco: "May my horse have been brought up in the Mâz, and led to water in the Biaz!" The Mâz is a place in the country of the Assassenna, and the Biaz is the brook, known by the name of Toufet, which runs through their territory. The horses of the Ouled-Khaled are also renowned for the same qualities. Sidi-Amed-Ben Youssef has said on the subject of this tribe, "Long tresses and long *djelais* will be seen amongst you till the day of resurrection;" praising thus at the same time both their women and their horses.

VIII. You tell me that people have assured you that the horses of Algeria are not Arabian horses, but Barbs.

This is an opinion which falls back again upon its authors. The people of Barbary are of Arab origin. A celebrated author has said: "The people of Barbary inhabit the Mogheb; they are all sons of Kais-Ben-Ghilan. It is also asserted that they are descended from the two great Héniastrites tribes, the Senahdja and the Kettama, who came into the country at the time of the invasion of Ifrikech-el-Malik."

According to these two opinions, the people of Barbary are really Arabs. Moreover, historians have established the kindred of the majority of the tribes of Barbary, and their descent from the Senahdja and the Kettama. The arrival of these tribes is anterior to Islamism; the number of emigrated Arabs in the Mogheb is incalculable. When the Obeidin (the Fatémides) were masters of Egypt, immense tribes passed into Africa, and amongst others the Riahh. They spread from Kairouan to Merrakech (Morocco.) It is from these tribes that are descended, in Algeria, the Douaouda, the Aïad, the Mâdid, the Oulad-Mad, the Galad-Jakoub-Zerara, the Djendal, the Attaf, the Hamis, the Brazo, the Sbêba, and many others. No one doubts that the Arabian horses have spread in the Mogheb, in the same way as the Arabian families. In the time of Ifrikech-ben-Kaïf, the empire

of the Arabs was all-powerful; it extended towards the west, as far as the boundaries of the Mogheb, as in the time of Chamar the Hémariite, it extended towards the east as far as China, according to the statement of Ben Kouteiba in his book entitled *El Mârif*.

It is perfectly true, that if the Algerian horses are of Arab race, many of them have fallen from their nobility, because they are only too frequently employed in tillage, in carrying burdens, and in doing other similar hard work; and also because some of the mares have been associated with asses, which never happened under the Arabs of old. So much so, that according to their ideas, it is sufficient for a horse to have trodden upon ploughed land to diminish his value. On this subject the following story is told:

"A man was riding upon a horse of pure race. He was met by his enemy, also mounted upon a noble courser. One pursued the other, and he who gave chase was distanced by him who fled. Despairing to reach him, he then shouted out, "I ask you, in the name of God, has your horse ever worked on the land?"

"He has worked on the land, for four days."

"Very well! mine has never worked. By the head of the Prophet, I am sure of catching you."

He continued the chase. Towards the end of the day, the fugitive began to lose ground and the pursuer to gain it. He soon succeeded in fighting with the man whom he had given up all hopes of reaching.

My father — may God receive him in mercy! — was accustomed to say, "No blessing upon our country, ever since we have changed our coursers into beasts of burden and tillage. Has not God made the horse for the race, the ox for the plough, and the camel for the transport of merchandise? There is nothing gained by changing the ways of God."

IX. You ask me, besides, for our maxims as to the manner of keeping and feeding our horses.

Know that the master of a horse gives him at first but little barley, successively increasing his ration by small quantities, and then diminishing it again a trifle, as soon as he leaves any, and continuing to supply it at that rate. The best time to give barley is the evening. Except on the road, there is no profit in giving it in the morning. On this point they say, "Morning barley is found again on the dunghill, evening barley in the croup." The best way of giving barley is to offer it to the horse ready saddled and girthed; as the best way of watering a horse is to make him drink with his bridle on. On this point it is said, "The water with the bridle, and the barley with the saddle." The Arabs

especially prefer those horses which are moderate eaters, provided they are not weakened by their abstinence. "Such a one," they say, "is a priceless treasure." "To give drink at sunrise, makes the horse lean; to give him drink in the evening, makes him fat; to give him drink in the middle of the day, keeps him in his present condition."

During the great heats, which last forty days (*senâime*), the Arabs give their horses drink only every other day. It is said that this custom has the best effects. In the summer, in the autumn, and in the winter, they give an armful of straw to their horses, but the ground-work of their diet is barley, in preference to every other sort of food. On this subject the Arabs say: "If we had not seen that horses are foaled by horses, we should say that barley produces them." They say,

*Gheid ou chetih,
Ou chair idjerrih —
(Look out for a large one, and buy him,
Barley will make him run.)*

They say: "Of forbidden meats, choose the lightest." That is to say, choose a light horse; the flesh of the horse is forbidden to Mussulmen.

They say: "It takes many a breakage to make a good rider."

They say: "Horses of pure race have no vice."

They say: "The horse at the halter is the honor of the master."

They say: "Horses are birds which have no wings."

"For horses, nothing is distant."

They say: "Nothing is at a distance, for horses."

They say: "He who forgets the beauty of horses for the beauty of women, will never prosper."

They say: "The horse knows his rider."

The Saint Ben-el-Abbas — may God take him into favor — has also said: —

Love horses, care for them,
Spare no trouble for them,
By them comes honor, by them comes beauty.
If horses are abandoned by men,
I make them enter into my family,
I share with them the bread of my children,
My wives dress them in their own veils,
And cover themselves with their horsecloths.
I lead them every day
On the field of adventure,
I fight with the bravest.

I have finished the letter which our brother and companion, the friend of all, the Commandant Sidi-Bou-Senna, will forward to you. — Health.

ABD-EL-KADER.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

No. I.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

FEW, it may be reasonably affirmed, will demur to the judgment which assigns to Mr. Washington Irving the most distinguished place in American literature. Meaning thereby, not the distinction of incomparable genius in general, nor of preëminent superiority in any special department of authorship; but — without present reference to his personal or intrinsic claims, however great — the distinction of extrinsic, popular renown, the external evidence of long-established and world-wide recognition. Wherever America is known to have a literature at all, she is known to rejoice in one Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., as its representative. If an unreading alderman presiding at a public dinner wished to couple with a toast in honor of that literature the name of its most distinguished scion, Washington Irving's, we presume, is the name he would fix on; not, perhaps, that the alderman may have read that author much, but that he has read his brother authors less, or not at all, and, in short, proposes the toast in an easy, conventional, matter-of-fact way, as paying a compliment the legitimacy of which will be impeached by no compotator at the civic board. The alderman's private opinion, he being "no great things" as a student and critic in the *belles lettres*, may be valued at zero; but his post-prandial proposition, as the mouthpiece of public opinion, as the symbol or exponent by which society rates a name now to be toasted with all the honors, is of prime significance. There may be American writers who, either in the range, or the depth, of literary power, or in both combined, are actually the superiors of the author of "Rip Van Winkle" and the "History of New York." He may yield in picturesque reality to Fenimore Cooper — in dramatic animation to Brockden Brown — in meditative calmness to Cullen Bryant — to Longfellow in philosophic aspiration — to Holmes in epigrammatic ease — to Emerson in independent thought — to Melville in graphic intensity — to Edgar Poe in witching fancy — to Mayo in lively eccentricity — to Prescott in accurate erudition — to Hawthorne in subtle insight — to Mitchell in tender sentiment. He may, or he may not, do all this, or part of it. But, notwithstanding, his position remains, either way, at the top of the tree. Thitherwards he was elevated years ago, by popular acclamation, when as yet he stood almost alone in transatlantic literature; and thence there has been little disposition to thrust him down, in favor of the many rivals who have since sprung up, and multiplied, and covered the land. Mrs. Beecher Stowe is

of course infinitely more popular for the nonce, or, indeed,

It may be for years, and it may be forever;

but, recurring to that distinction which is traditional, conventional, and thus far "well-ordered in all things and sure," Washington Irving holds it in possession, and that is nine points of the law.

In effect, he is already installed on the shelf as a classic. His sweet, smooth, translucent style makes him worthy to be known, and pleasant to be read, of all men. Be his theme what it may — and in choice of themes he is comprehensive enough — whether a Dutch "tea and turnout," or a "Siege of Granada;" a full-length of "Mahomet," or a crayon sketch of "Jack Tibbetts;" a biography of "Goldsmith," or of "Dolph Heyliger;" a "prairie on fire," or a "Yorkshire Christmas dinner;" a night on the "Rocky Mountains," or a morning at "Abbotsford" — to each, he brings the same *bello stile che*, as he may say, and *has said*, * *m'ha fatto onore*. His style is indeed charming, so far as it goes. That is not, possibly, very far, or at least very deep. For it is not a style to compass profound or impassioned subjects, or to intone the thrilling notes which "sigh upward from the Delphic caves of human life." It has not, speaking generally and "organically," more than one set of keys, and can give little meaning to passages demanding diapason grandeur, or trumpet stop. It fluently expresses ballad and dance music; or even the mellifluous cadences of Bellini, and the gliding graces of Haydn; but beyond its range are such complex harmonies as a Sinfonia Eroica, such tumultuous movements as a Hailstone Chorus. And therefore is it not what one sometimes hears it called, a perfect style — unless the perfection be relatively interpreted, *quoad rem*, which of itself is a "pretty considerable" concession. But in its proper track it is eminently delightful, and flows on, not in serpentine, meandering curves, but straightforward, "unhasting, yet unresting," with musical ripple as of some soft inland murmur. Hence a vast proportion of the favor vouchsafed to its master, who has made it instrumental in popularizing subjects in the treatment of which he had scarcely another advantage, or even justification. Quiet humor, gentle pathos, sober judgment, healthy morality, amiable sentiment, and exemplary professional industry have done the rest.

That Mr. Irving was eminently endowed with the mytho-poic faculty — the art of myth-making — was delightfully evident in the production of "Knickerbocker's History

* In the preface to his "Life of Goldsmith," to whose literary influence over himself he applies the address of Dante to Virgil.

of New York." In relation to the infant experiences of the city he depicts, he occupies as notable a position from the positive pole as Niebuhr does from the negative; the German's skill in the use of the *minus* sign, he emulates in dexterous management of the *plus*; whatever fame the one deserves as a destructive, the other may arrogate as a conservative, or rather a creator; the former immortalizes himself because he exhausts old worlds, the latter because he imagines new. All honor, then, to the undaunted historian of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty — being the Only Authentic History of the Times that ever hath been published; which peremptory "only," so far at least as it excludes other claimants, is a terse and tidy challenge, "which nobody can deny." Equally undeniable is it that, for a historian and chronicler, old Knickerbocker is "a jolly good fellow;" and that even Sir Robert Walpole might have been tempted to revoke and recant his slander on history at large, had he been familiar with such a dainty dish as this. Every pursuivant of useful knowledge is conciliated in *limine*, by the honest man's assurance, that if any one quality preëminently distinguishes his compilation, it is that of conscientious, severe, and faithful veracity — "carefully winnowing away the chaff of hypothesis, and discarding the tares of fable, which are too apt to spring up and choke the seeds of truth and wholesome knowledge." Inspired by this stern principle, it is beautiful to hear his disclaimer of all records assailable by scepticism, or vulnerable by critical analysis — his sublime rejection of many a pithy tale and marvellous adventure — his jealous maintenance of that fidelity, gravity, and dignity which he accounts indispensable to his order. The heroes of the New York mythological æon swagger before us in memorable guise. Good Master Hendrick Hudson, for instance, with his mastiff mouth, and his broad copper nose — supposed (the latter to wit) to have acquired its fiery hue from the constant neighborhood of the tobacco-pipe; a man remarkable for always jerking up his breeches when he gave out his orders, and for a voice which sounded not unlike the brattling of a tin trumpet, owing to the number of hard nor'-westers swallowed by him in the course of his sea-faring. Walter the Doubter, again, so styled because the magnitude of his ideas kept him everlastingly in suspense — his head not being large enough to let him turn them over and examine them on both sides; an alleged lineal descendant of the illustrious King Log; hugely endowed with the divine faculty of silence, and loving to sit with his privy council for hours together, smoking and dozing over public affairs, without speaking a word to interrupt that perfect stillness so necessary to

deep reflection. Golden age of innocence and primitive blessedness! when tea-parties were marked with the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment — no flirting, or coquetting — no gambling of old ladies, or hoyden chattering and romping of young ones — but when the demure misses seated themselves for the evening in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings, nor ever opened their lips, unless to say "Yah, Mynheer," or "Yah, ya Vrouw," to any question that was asked them — while the gentlemen tranquilly "blew a cloud," and seemed, one and all, lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles of the fireplace, representing, perhaps, Tobit and his dog, or Haman swinging conspicuously on his gibbet, or Jonah manfully bouncing out of the whale, "like harlequin through a barrel of fire." Then comes William the Testy — that "universal genius" — who would have been a much better governor had he been a less learned man — who was perpetually experimentalizing at the expense of the state, and reducing to practice the political schemes he had gathered from Solon and Lyeurgus, and the republic of Plato and the Pandects of Justinian — who introduced the art of fighting by proclamation (an art worthy of Mr. Cobden* himself), and wrought out for himself great renown by a series of mechanical inventions, such as carts that went before the horses, and patronized a race of lawyers and bum-bailiffs, and made his people exceedingly enlightened and unhappy. And, lastly, we have Peter the Headstrong — tough, sturdy, valiant, weather-beaten, leathern-sided, and wooden-legged — a hero of chivalry struck off by the hand of nature at a single heat — a beautiful relique of old-fashioned bigotry — a perfect fossil of effete notions — a peremptory and pugnacious man, who would stomp to and fro about the town, during political ferment, with a most war-betokening visage, his hands in his pockets, whistling a low Dutch psalm-tune, which bore no small resemblance to the music of a north-east wind when a storm is brewing; the very dogs, as they eyed his excellency, and heard his wooden foot-fall, skulking anywhere in dismay. It argues a significant talent for ironical composition, and easy badinage in Mr. Irving, that he has sustained to the last, in this perhaps over-long history, the

* The fellow-feeling between these two great men may be illustrated by the annexed passage from Knickerbocker: — "The great defect of William the Testy's policy was, that though no man could be more ready to stand forth in an hour of emergency, yet he was so intent upon guarding the national pocket, that he suffered the enemy to break its head; in other words, whatever precaution for public safety he adopted, he was so intent upon rendering it cheap, that he invariably rendered it ineffectual." — "History of New York," book iv., c. 4.

quaint tone of subdued comedy and simple gravity which marks its opening. It abounds in pungent reflections profitable for later times, and likely to remain applicable until the last public quack and parliamentary humbug and official mountebank shall be no more.

"Salmagundi" belongs to the same — the earliest — stage in the author's literary career, and partakes of the same satiric features. But the satire is good-natured enough in both cases, and indeed comes from too kindly a heart to be impregnated with any very bitter stuff. What Byron calls

The royal vices of the age, demand
A keener weapon and a mightier hand.

And against such it is not Geoffrey Crayon's mission to set himself in array.

Still there are follies e'en for him to chase,
And yield, at least, amusement in the race.

So that, although it is not for him, "good easy man, full surely," to confront and apprehend gigantic vice stalking in the streets, or to extinguish the "guilty glare" blazing from what threaten to be "eternal beacons of consummate crime," yet he can speak on the hint,

Are there no follies for my pen to purge?
Are there no fools whose backs deserve the scourge?

And, albeit, the fools have nine lives, and kind Geoffrey's scourge, or cat, hath only one; he lays it on with what appetite he may. He certainly has the gift "d'apercevoir le ridicule, et de le peindre avec grace et gaieté." And as certainly, he has had no such "evil communications" with a mocking spirit* as to corrupt his "good manners," or freeze his warm heart.

Hitherto Mr. Irving had catered for the New World. He was now to identify himself with the literators of the Old, by publishing "The Sketch-Book," under (to use his own words) "the kind and cordial aus-

* Speaking of the above "sense of the ridiculous," and of the art of painting it with vivacity and mirth, Madame de Staël adds: "Ce n'est pas là le genre de moquerie dont les suites sont les plus à craindre; celle qui s'attache aux idées et aux sentimens est la plus funeste de toutes, car elle s'insinue dans la source des affections fortes et dévouées." — *DE L'ALLEMAGNE*, IV., § ii. This "wise saw," in its warning against the perverting tendencies of satire, reminds us of a "modern instance." Thomas Moore, a man of as gay and kindly a disposition as the author of "Salmagundi," had attained a far greater renown as a satirist, and with far greater pretensions to that "bad eminence," when, apprehensive of its corroding power, as well on agent as patient, he wrote in his diary (1819): "Resolved never to have anything more to do with satire; it is a path in which one not only strews, but gathers thorns." Five years previously, Lady Donegal had urged him to take the same resolution, on the same grounds.

pices of Sir Walter Scott," and by the agency of the prince or booksellers, John Murray. This Sketch-Book he compares with that of a wayward travelling artist, who, following the bent of his vagrant inclination, copies objects in nooks, and corners, and by-places; the result being a volume crowded with cottages, and landscapes, and obscure ruins; but neglectful of St. Peter's, or the Colosseum, the cascade of Terni, or the bay of Naples, and without a single glacier or volcano in the whole collection. This absence of aught volcanic or violent removes the sketches from participation in Diderot's judgment, that "les esquisses ont communément un feu que le tableau n'a pas. C'est le moment de chaleur de l'artiste, &c." Look not in these *esquisses* for *feu* or *chaleur*. They are the placid, dreamy droppings of a limner's truant crayon, wandering over the paper at its own sweet will. Variety the collection designedly has; the collector's design being that it should contain something to suit each reader, to harmonize with every note in the gamut of taste. "Few guests," argued he, in arranging his Miscellany — "few guests sit down to a varied table with an equal appetite for every dish. One has an elegant horror of a roasted pig; another holds a curry or a devil in utter abomination; a third cannot tolerate the ancient flavor of venison and wild fowl; and a fourth, of truly masculine stomach, looks with sovereign contempt on those knick-knacks here and there dished up for the ladies. Thus each article is condemned in its turn; and yet, amidst this variety of appetites, seldom does a dish go away from the table without being tasted and relished by some one or other of the guests." Is pathos your passion? There is "The Widow and her Son," to ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears — the affliction of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, bereaved of her last solace; and there is "The Pride of the Village," a love-tale, and a tale of sorrow unto death — a prose elegy, most musical, most melancholy, on as pretty a low-born lass as ever ran on the green sward. Is humor to you a metal more attractive (though every true taste for pathos involves a hearty relish for humor, and *vice versa*)? There is the discursive chapter on "Little Britain" — that heart's core of the city, that stronghold of John Bullism, as it seemed to Mr. Crayon, looking as usual through colored spectacles, so that he here recognized a fragment of London as it was in its better days, with its antiquated folks and fashions, where flourish in great preservation many of the holiday games and customs of yore, and where still revisit the glimpses of the moon not a few ghosts in full-bottomed wigs and hanging sleeves, or in lap-pets, hoops and brocade. Such a Little Britain was hardly to be found in Great Britain when

Geoffrey pilgrimized amongst us; and is now traceable, in its merest outline, only in his Sketch-Book. Then, again, there is the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," recording the expedition of Ichabod Crane, and his adventure with the Goblin Horseman; and the essay on "John Bull," from an American point of view; and the "Christmas Dinner" at Bracebridge Hall, with boar's head and carol, with wassail bowl of "gentle lamb's wool," celebrated by Master Simon, in certain roistering staves about the "merry browne bowle" and the "merry deep canne," and followed by a Christmas mummary, superintended by a Lord of Misrule, in which Ancient Christmas duly figures away with a frostbitten nose, and Dame Mince Pie, in the venerable magnificence of a faded brocade, long stomacher, peaked hat, and high-heeled shoes. Or, if your demand be for the romantic and the superstitious, is there not "The Spectre Bridegroom," and the peerless narrative of "Rip Van Winkle!" Or, should you be of literary predilections, there are the essay on "The Art of Book-making," and the Shakspearean researches in the Boar's Head Tavern, and Stratford-on-Avon. A like miscellaneous character pertains to "Bracebridge Hall," and the same refractive medium of colored spectacles everywhere occurs. The merry England described is almost in the state of the old lady in the ballad, market-bound, egg-laden, and sleepily *recubans sub tegmine fagi*, to whom, locked in dreamland, "there came by a pedler, and his name was Stout, and he cut her petticoats all round about;" so that when the matron recovered her consciousness, it was (Hibernicè) not to know herself, and to infer from the new guise of her scant classic drapery that her personal *me* (Teutonicè) had evaporated, or transmigrated, or disintegrated itself in some ineffable fashion, precipitating this ineffable residuum or result. Geoffrey Crayon has played more amiable but equally revolutionary pranks on "merry England," adorning her in vestments so out of date (alas!), and so dreamily fictitious, that she fails to recognize in the glass even the general resemblance. He has painted her, not as the sun paints portraits, with harsh and unflattering fidelity, blackening every frown, deepening every furrow, indenting every crow's foot, but rather as the sentimental artist, who has a soul above accuracy, and who groups together prosy people in poetic attitudes, after the manner of the family piece in the "Vicar of Wakefield." These Yorkshire squires and villagers are but demi-semi-realities. They are mostly too good to be true. The angularities of the originals are too much smoothed down, their crooked ways made straight, and their rough places plain. Distance seems to lend enchantment to the view, and a dreamy haze to

soften the vision. Be it far from us, nevertheless, to rail at the sketcher's kindly idealism; nor ever can his book be other than dear to us while we remember in it a Ready-Money Jack, and a Tom Slingsby the schoolmaster, or recall that substantial, drab-breeched, top-booted mystery, the Stout Gentleman in No. 13. Nor must we omit allusion to that august widow, Lady Lillycraft, tender-hearted, romantic, and fond of ease—living on white meats and little ladylike dishes—cherishing the intimacy of pet dogs, Angola cats, and singing birds—an insatiable novel-reader, though she maintains that there are no novels now-a-days equal to "Pamela" and "Sir Charles Grandison," and that the "Castle of Otranto" is at the head of all romances. Old Christy, too, and Mrs. Hannah, merit a passing salutation—a couple as evidently formed to be linked together as ever were pepper-box and vinegar-cruet. The story of "Dolph Heyliger" glides on with sprightly ease.

Next, we come to the "Tales of a Traveler." Comparatively, it is a well-known truth, they were a failure. Mr. Irving's rambling among the forests of Germany and the plains of Italy provided him with copious *materiel* for legendary lore; but the critics decided that of this *materiel* he did not make the most. Notwithstanding his advantages, he might have written the tales, it was averred, without being a traveller at all; instead of spending three years on them, he might have finished the thing in three months, without stirring out of London. The ghost stories, it was alleged, were some of them old, and nearly all badly told—that is, not told seriously, but in a sort of half-witty vein, with little dancing quirks interspersed. "Good Heavens!" cried a *Blackwood* censor, "are we come to this, that men of this rank cannot even make a robbery terrific, or a love story tolerable?" The story of the Inn at Terracina, of the Beheaded Lady, of Buckthorne, &c., all were more or less found wanting; in descriptive passages, where the traveller had taken up his rest at Venice, Florence, Naples, and other such inspiring abodes, he was declared to have produced either a blank or a blunder; and the only meed of praise awarded him was for that section of the book devoted to "some of his old genuine stuff—the quaintnesses of the ancient Dutch heers and frows of the delicious land of the Manhattoes." He was therefore counselled to eschew European and classical subjects, and to riot once more, as Knickerbocker, in pumpkin pies, grinning negroes, smoking skippers, plump little Dutch maidens, and their grizzily-periwigged papas. If he would have honor, he was bid go seek it by prophesying and historicizing about his own country, and his father's house.

So far he followed this counsel as to write

in detail the life and the voyages of his country's immortal visitor, not to say her mortal creator, Christopher Columbus —

Who the great secret of the Deep possessed,
And, issuing through the portals of the West,
Fearless, resolved, with every sail unfurled,
Planted his standard on the Unknown World.*

Verily, a fascinating narrative — a strange, saddening, yet inspiring tale of the great Genoese sea-king, and of his great fight of afflictions, in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils by his adopted countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. In narrating the story of this hero, Mr. Irving has endeavored to place him in a clear and familiar point of view; rejecting no circumstance, however trivial, which appeared to evolve some point of character; and seeking all kinds of collateral facts which might throw light upon his views and motives. In this endeavor he has succeeded. Few biographies surpass in sustained interest this memoir of the

Ἀνδρᾶ . . . πολυτροπον, ὅς μάλᾳ πολλὰ
Πλαγχθῇ —

a misconceived, misrepresented man — with none to sympathize with and foster his high imaginations,

Moving about in worlds not realized.

Perhaps the subject might have warranted a little more warmth of coloring — indeed, Mr. Irving is less ornate than usual in the present instance, and might easily have drawn a more impressive figure of the admiral in the waste deep waters — “around him, mutinous, discouraged souls,” to use the words of Carlyle; “behind him, disgrace and ruin; before him, the unpenetrated veil of Night.” However, apart from the intrinsic charm of the recital, there is so much of the author's wonted fluency and unaffected grace of style and clearness of method in working it out, that it leaves us sensibly his debtors, and in charity with him, if not (remembering the wrongs of Columbus) with all mankind.

The bent of his Spanish studies at this time found a new direction in the “History of the Conquest of Granada” — wherein he has fully availed himself, says Mr. Prescott, of all the picturesque and animating movements of the romantic era of Ferdinand and Isabella, and has been very slightly seduced from historic accuracy by the poetical aspect of his subject. “The fictitious and romantic dress of his work has enabled him to make it

the medium for reflecting more vividly the floating opinions and chimerical fancies of the age, while he has illuminated the picture with the dramatic brilliancy of coloring denied to sober history.”* The concoction of this modern Iliad is certainly admirable. The hand of a master is seen in the delineation of character, Christian and Moorish; in the grouping of the *dramatis persone*; and in the evolution, act by act, and scene after scene, of the drama itself. Especially we remember with interest the portraits of Don Juan de Vera, ever dignified and chivalric, and the gallant Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz; of the daring old warrior, El Zagal, and the ill-starred Boabdill. Tenderly the historian tells the exodus of the latter, with his devoted cavaliers, from the city of the Alhambra — how they paused on the mountain side to take a farewell gaze at their beloved Granada, which a few more steps would shut from their sight forever, and which never before had appeared so lovely in their eyes — the sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighting up each tower and minaret, and resting gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra, while the vega (plain) spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xénil; how the proud exiles lingered with a silent agony of tenderness and grief in view of that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures — until a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem king lost forever: and how, thereupon, the heart of Boabdill softened by misfortunes, and overcharged with woe, could no longer contain itself, and the words of resignation, *Allah achbar!* died upon his lips, and tears blinded his last glance at the metropolis of his sires.

Far less satisfactory, to our thinking, is the collection of tales entitled the “Alhambra” — for we shared in the “dolorous disappointment” of an eminent reviewer, who observes that he came to it with the eager supposition that it was some real Spanish or Moorish legend connected with that romantic edifice; and behold! it was a mere Sadler's Wells travesty (before the reign of Phelps and legitimacy) applied to some slender fragments from past days. The observation applies, however, to the plan of the work, not to the execution.

But we must “hurry on” — which Mr. Irving did *à merveille*, in his rapid production of volume after volume. “A Tour on the Prairies” recalls him to his own country, in one of its most distinctive features, and is

* Rogers.

* Prescott's “History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella,” vol. ii., ch. 4.

agreeably described, without any straining at effect, or long-bow draughtmanship. "Astoria" followed — the story of a merchant-prince's commercial enterprise, from its projection to its failure; sometimes tedious, but not without moving accidents by flood and field. "Abbotsford and Newstead" is a delightful specimen of biographical-topographical gossip; the former part making up one of the most charming chapters in "Lockhart's Life of Scott;" which is giving it unstinted praise, yet praise as discreet as emphatical. "Captain Bonneville" is a kind of sequel to "Astoria," relating the expedition of a chieftain of trappers and hunters among the Rocky Mountains of the Far West. But the supply of this sort of information concerning bark canoes and wigwags, Indian swamps and Indian scamps, snowy mountains and sun-scorched prairies, beaver-skins and buffalo meat, salt weed and cotton-wood bark, was by this time beginning to exceed the demand, and the excitement kindled by Cooper's romances was becoming subject to the law of reaction. Hence these works fell comparatively flat on the public ear, and the public voice was heard to murmur that Geoffrey Crayon had written himself dry, and that his every later literary birth was a still birth — a sleep and a forgetting.

For awhile he was silent. When again his voice was heard, it was heard gladly, and the echo of response was still fraught with the music of popularity; and swelled with resonance of welcome. "Oliver Goldsmith; a Biography," was a theme a little the worse for wear; but an English public was too fond of both Geoffrey Crayon and him "for shortness called Noll."

Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll, not to lend a willing ear to what the one had to say of the other. Prior's life was voted a pattern of industry, but left unread. Forster's was highly, widely, and deservedly admired, and remains *the* Life — being executed, as Mr. Irving himself testifies, with a spirit, a feeling, a grace, and an eloquence, that leave nothing to be desired. That Mr. Irving's biography made its appearance at all, when by its own avowal it was no desideratum, is explained by the fact that its author had already published it in a meagre and fragmentary form, which attracted slight notice; and now, in the course of revising and republishing his *opera omnia*, felt called upon to reproduce it in a more complete and satisfactory shape. He writes *con amore*, and with ever-prompt indulgence, of one to whose literary genius his own is indebted and akin. Whereas Johnson said of poor Goldsmith, "Let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man" — it is Mr. Irving's course to say, let them rather be remembered, since

their tendency is to endear; since he was no man's enemy but his own; since his errors, in the main, inflicted evil on none but himself, and were so blended with humorous and touching circumstances as to disarm anger and conciliate kindness; since there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring creature that pleads affectingly to our common nature — as being ourselves also in the body, *ὅς, καὶ αὐτοὶ ὄντες ἵσθυσται*. Prudish censors may scout this sort of indulgence on the part of a critical biographer. For ourselves, we have too much fellow-feeling, with Elia's veneration for an honest obliquity of mind, to find the indulgence culpable; thinking with Elia, that the more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you that he will not bewray or overreach you. "I love the safety," protests dear, canonized Charles, "which a palpable hallucination warrants, the security which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, bath pounds of much worse matter in his composition." Goldy was no fool, though; but his nature found it occasionally *dulce desipere* and not always *in loco*.

The "Life of Mahomet," like the preceding, seemed to require explanation, since it confessedly could add no new fact to those already known concerning the Arabian prophet. The author tells us it forms part of a projected series of writings illustrative of the domination of the Arabs in Spain — most of the particulars being drawn from Spanish sources, with the addition of assistance from the elaborate work by Dr. Weil, and other recent authorities; his object in constructing it being, to digest into an easy, perspicuous, and flowing narrative (wherein so few can compete with him) the admitted facts concerning Mahomet, together with the leading legends and traditions connected with his creed, and a summary of the creed itself. The pretensions of this memoir are, therefore, small, as regards historical weight. It is deficient, moreover, in the matter of contemporary history, so essential to a due understanding of Mahomet's political and religious stand-point. The criticism on Mahomet's personal character is of that moderate and judicious kind which the author's antecedents might have warranted us to expect — neither condemning the prophet as an impudent impostor, juggler, and sensualist, nor exalting him to the honors of hero-worship. Mahomet is neither taxed with heartless selfishness, and ruinous imbecility, nor eulogized for "total freedom from cant," "deadly earnestness," and "annihilation of self." He is portrayed as an enthusiast

originally acting under a species of mental delusion, deeply imbued with a conviction of his being a divine agent for religious reform, but who, after his flight to Medina, became subject to wordly passions and worldly schemes — yet, throughout his career, in a great degree the creature of impulse and excitement, and very much at the mercy of circumstances. With equal impartiality Mr. Irving discusses the lives and actions of his successors.

But *New Monthly* space and patience will no farther go, and leave us only room, in anticipation of his promised life of Washington, to bid that great man's namesake a pleasant and respectful *au revoir*.

LEATHER. — The manufacture of leather has been less advanced by the application of chemical science than any other of the arts. If Simon, the tanner of Joppa, had been able to send leather to the Exhibition, no doubt he would have carried off a medal for leather as good, and made exactly by the same process, as that of our most eminent manufacturers of the present day. And yet the science of leather production is better understood now than then; but so many physical conditions are involved in the production of good leather, that scientific processes have been unable to satisfy them all. The hides, steeped in an infusion of oak-bark, absorb tannin, and are converted into leather. Good sole leather takes about a year to tan, and even calf-skins consume a month in the operation. Chemists have certainly indicated substitutes for bark, containing a greater amount of tannin, and these, as for instance, terra japonica, cutch, catechu, and divididi, produce their effects in half the time; but the leather is said not to be so durable. With sumach, light skins may be tanned in twenty-four hours, and, with the aid of alum, even in one hour; but the resulting manufactures are not preferred to the old processes. Atmospheric and hydrostatic pressure have been used to hasten the absorption; the refined laws of Endosmosis and Exosmosis have been called in to accelerate the process; heavy rollers have squeezed the solution through the pores; but all these methods have had at the best but a doubtful success. Leather-manufacturers meet men of science by the well-founded assertion, that the resulting leather is too porous, too hard or too soft, or not sufficiently durable; and they revert to their old traditional modes of preparation. I allude to these failures the more especially to show that there is a wide chasm between the chemist's laboratory and the workshop—a chasm which has to be bridged over by the united aid of the philosopher and the manufacturer. One without the aid of the other does not suffice, but both, working together, may achieve great results. Yet, in bridging over this chasm, they must act on a common plan. If the manufacturer builds his half without understanding the principles of construction employed by the other, the sides of the bridge may indeed meet, but they are not constructed to receive the bind-

ing influence of the key-stone, and the arch must give way and tumble down.

Having thus shown the comparative failure of chemistry in revolutionizing this important manufacture, let me take one or two instances from it to prove that, in the details of the working, it has been of use in economizing time and labor, and in affording new uses to comparatively valueless objects. In removing the hair from the hides, previous to tanning, it was customary to shave it with a knife. This process was tedious and imperfect, and the following simple one is now used. Lime-water dissolves the bulbous root of the hair, when the hides are immersed in it for some time, and the hair may then be readily removed by a blunt instrument. By this simple process one man can remove the hair from a hundred kid-skins in about an hour. Still the immersion requires several weeks, while the addition of red orpiment to the lime, as practised by the sheep-skin manufacturers of France, reduces the time to a few hours.

When goat-skins are tanned for morocco leather, it is necessary, in order to adapt them for dyeing, to remove the lime absorbed by the last operation. A solution of *album græcum* cleanses the pores effectually, leaving them so spongelike, that air can readily be forced through them. Hence the process of tanning is rendered much easier, being in fact completed within twenty-four hours; while the leather is rendered fit to assume the colors so characteristic of morocco. About fifty persons are employed in London to collect the sweepings of dog-kennels for this purpose, and many more in applying them; and I am informed by Mr. Bevington, that the sum annually paid to the collectors and workmen employed in using this apparently worthless substance, is not less than £5000 in the metropolis alone.

The currier shaves leather to render it of equal thickness, and the shavings were treated as waste, scarcely fit for the manure-heap, but chemistry has shown that they contain much nitrogen, which renders them well adapted for the formation of the beautiful color known as Prussian blue. — *Lyon Playfair*.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE OF UTAH. — No one, without witnessing it, can form any idea of the buoyant properties of this singular water. A man may float, stretched at full length, upon his back, having his head and neck, both his legs to the knee, and both arms to the elbow, entirely out of water. If a sitting position be assumed, with the arms extended to preserve the equilibrium, the shoulders will remain above the surface. The water is nevertheless extremely difficult to swim in, on account of the constant tendency of the lower extremities to rise above it. The brine, too, is so strong, that the least particle of it getting into the eyes, produces the most acute pain, and if accidentally swallowed, rapid strangulation must ensue. I doubt whether the most expert swimmer could long preserve himself from drowning, if exposed to the action of a rough sea. — *Captain Slansbury's Expedition*.

From the *Athenaeum*.

The Preacher and the King; or, Bourdaloue in the Court of Louis XIV. Translated from the French of L. BUNGENER. With an introduction by the Rev. GEORGE POTTS, D. D., of New York. Trübner & Co.

This is a curious, able, and interesting book. M. Bungener is, we believe, a clergyman of the Protestant Church in France, and is known as the author of several works on theological and historical subjects. His "History of the Council of Trent" has been already translated into English, and was briefly noticed some time ago in our columns. The present work, which is so popular in France as to have reached its thirteenth edition in a few years, is of a very different character from the History, and far more likely to attract notice here. The translation before us seems to have been executed by some American admirer; and the excellence of the book is certified to the transatlantic public by Dr. Potts, a Presbyterian clergyman of New York, who furnishes an Introduction, somewhat heavy in style as well as sectarian in spirit.

The book, however, does not require Dr. Potts' certificate of its merits. It is only necessary to read a few pages to see that the author is a clever man, with not a little originality both in his manner of thinking and in his literary method. The main object of the work seems to be didactic: — it is a kind of treatise on pulpit eloquence, and on the relations of the preaching office to modern society. This whole subject the author seems to have studied deeply and in an earnest spirit; and we do not recollect ever seeing a book containing more just observations on oratory in general and more especially on sacred oratory. The question, for example, as to which of these methods is oratorically best — absolute extemporization, extemporization from prepared heads, memorized discourse, or discourse read from the manuscript — is discussed with a preciseness and a gusto which could come only from one to whom the whole *technic* of public speaking was a matter of personal and professional familiarity.

Were the present work, however, nothing more than a Protestant clergyman's exposition of the nature of the preacher's office and of the art of preparing and delivering sermons, we should pass it by with a brief mention, as out of the critical circle to which we confine ourselves. But it is much more than this. It is a really admirable historical novel of the time of Louis the Fourteenth; and the story is told so well, and there are such vivid character-painting and keen criticism of men and manners in it, that it might be questioned after all whether the original conception of the work was not rather historical than di-

dalectic. The main incident of the work, and that on which the whole story turns, is this — Bourdaloue, the most eminent preacher of his age, is to deliver a sermon on Good Friday in the court chapel before Louis the Fourteenth. It so chanced that at this time there is a strong desire on the part of some of the best men about the court, and particularly of the illustrious Bossuet, then Bishop of Condom, to speak decisively to the king about his manner of life, and especially to persuade him to break his connexion with Madame De Montespan. Partly by a kind of conspiracy, partly by the natural operation of an unforeseen train of circumstances, the task of completing what Bossuet has begun, and openly telling the king his duty, is devolved upon Bourdaloue. This great orator has just prepared his sermon, and is committing it to memory the night before its delivery (a process which, as well as the delivery of it from the pulpit, was always one of anguish to him), when Bossuet and others break in upon him, and compel him to alter a portion of his discourse and substitute a vehement personal oburgation of the king for the customary eulogy at the close. Bourdaloue, his own conscience going along with the design, consents; and a passage is added to the sermon of the required kind — though by another hand than that of the orator. The story closes with the delivery of the sermon in the Chapel Royal.

Now, this may seem but a very slight thread indeed for an historical fiction. In spinning it out, however, the author brings us acquainted in a most intimate and life-like manner with Louis the Fourteenth, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fénelon, Madame De Montespan, Claude, the leader of the French Protestants, and other celebrities of that day. The portraits of these characters are drawn with great skill and minuteness — and so many historical particulars are interwoven with the narrative that the whole assumes an air of reality. A great portion of the book consists of ideal conversations; but these conversations, besides being shrewd and ingenious in themselves, are constructed with true dramatic art, and seem to illustrate the characters of the various speakers. The author, though a Protestant, is extremely fair and liberal in his representations. His admiration for Bossuet and Bourdaloue is very great; and there is not the slightest display of a disposition to make the story turn to the advantage of Protestantism — unless it be, perhaps, in the noble portrait drawn of the Protestant preacher Claude, who figures very conspicuously towards the close.

Here is an account of the social position of preachers in France in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, with an appended delineation of the character of that monarch: —

A little fact in Tallemant's memoirs appears to us to contain a curious enough revelation in regard to the manner in which preaching was generally regarded about the middle of the seventeenth century. It is in the story of Le Maistre. "He intended setting to work to preach," says the author, "but he became religious by the way, and gave it up." Exactly as if it should be said, "He intended at first to become a comedian, but seeing that he could not do this without being lost, he changed his mind." The preacher was at that time but a sort of comedian; let us, however, observe, that this singular idea had not then exactly the same meaning which would be attached to it at the present day. In the first place, it was only applied to preachers by profession, those who are called at the present time in France, and improperly enough, *missionaries*; an ecclesiastic who had a stationary post, was not considered as belonging to the class of preachers, properly speaking. On the other hand, the word comedian, which we have used, does not imply that preachers were regarded in general as going against their conscience, and teaching things which they themselves did not believe; and yet they were very far from being regarded as actually following a vocation, and having sought above everything the advantage of religion and of the church. Preaching was a *trade*; a trade, doubtless, from which honesty and zeal were no more excluded than from any other, but a trade, notwithstanding. The profession of preacher was not only distinct from that of priest, it was considered, in some degree, as without the pale of piety, as incompatible with piety, so to speak. As soon as the latter had acquired a certain depth, "*He became religious by the way, and*" — went to preaching, probably? No; "*he gave up preaching.*" If, then, it was not entirely a comedy, neither was it a perfectly serious thing. It was with preaching as with poetry; it was looked upon as an art, and an art only. It was the *art of sermonizing*, just as poetry was the *art of versifying*; it was not yet comprehended that it could be or ought to be otherwise. Hence the criticisms and even pleasantries which society permitted itself to put forth against preachers, without seeming to imagine that religion could suffer from it. In our day, the boldest infidelity would scarcely venture upon that which Boileau dared to say against Cotin, without ceasing to be a religious man, and to be regarded generally as such. It was considered no more harm to deride a bad preacher, than to laugh at a bad poet. . . . However this may be — when preaching had once entered the dominion of literature, and consequently had left that higher sphere to which it belonged from its nature and its object, it found itself subjected, like everything else, to the influence of the man who was destined to impress so profoundly upon all the productions of the century the signet of his character and his manners. Whether from his great ability or his great good fortune, Louis XIV. absorbed everything; and in the same manner as all the poets came at last to glory in being poets only by him and for him, so there was at length no orator — that is to say, no preacher, since the pulpit alone was open to elo-

quence — who did not stoop beneath the same dominion, and gladly wear its livery. And this, it may be said by the way, is one of the best proofs that Louis XIV. was no common man. Let the legitimacy and morality of this influence be discussed at pleasure; let all the bases upon which it rested be made to totter one after the other (and we acknowledge that it can be done), yet the fact will still remain, that this influence was immense, and that it lasted fifty years. That circumstances prepared the way for it, is undeniable; that it was in some measure a homage to Louis XIV. himself, is also true; but, even if he had had nothing to do in order to acquire it, still it was a great deal to preserve it, and to preserve it for half a century. Put a Louis XIII. or a Louis XVI. in his place, and see if it would have lasted. . . . If it is permitted to the author of these reflections, to say once for all, what he thinks of this man, whose name recurs so often to the pen even of those who profess to despise him — here it is: — And, in the first place, *he does not like him*. It can be seen from the preceding pages, and will be seen still more plainly in those which follow, whether he is inclined to prostrate himself before his memory. But, at the moment when he is most disposed to be severe, he stops, he reflects, he fears to be unjust. Having already several times altered his opinion of Louis XIV., he does not wish to venture again, save in good earnest; so much the more, because, since he has seriously taken up the study of the seventeenth century, this prince has rather gained than lost in his esteem. As much interested as any one can be in execrating the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he is not one of those who fancy they have said everything in regard to one of the longest of reigns, in mentioning a deed of which the author was rather misled than cruel. He has been led to separate the man from the king. The man he likes less every day; the king he does not admire, much less like; but every day he learns "to respect him." If it be one of the characteristics of genius to take possession of his age, and personify it in himself, what foundation can we have for refusing to Louis XIV. this title? It is precisely because this prince was neither a Bossuet, nor a Condé, nor a Bourdaloue, that we are unable to attribute to accident the empire which he had over these men. When it is to be proved that man is the chief of created beings, what is generally done? The grandeur, ferocity and power of the animals which he has subdued, and whose master he is, are described. Well, if the obedience of animals stronger than myself, proves me to be a reasonable being, what does the obedience of men who surpass me in talent, in learning, in a thousand things — what does it prove, if not that there is one thing, at least, in which I have no equal? This thing, in Louis XIV., was the art of reigning. "He is the most kingly of all kings," wrote Leibnitz. "His suitable province was to be a king," said also Duclos, more than thirty years after his death. He was then neither a great king in reality, since true greatness possesses qualities of which he was destitute; much less a good king, and he cared very little to be this; he was a king, in all the extent and force

of the appellation — such a king as his father had not been, as his successors were not to be — a king whose like we scarcely find two or three times in all the world's history — where there is nevertheless no lack of those men who are called kings.

It is against this awful personage, before whose frown the boldest cowered, that the little club of preachers introduced in these pages contrive that plot of which Bourdaloue's Good Friday sermon was to be the explosion. Bossuet, as we have said, calls on Bourdaloue the night before the delivery of the sermon — and succeeds in persuading him to cut out the prepared peroration, which is an eulogium on the king, beginning with the words, "*I have nevertheless reason to console myself,*" and to substitute for it another, taking the king severely to task. This other peroration, curiously enough, is supplied by Claude, who dictates it to Bourdaloue (in circumstances, however, which take away the appearance of improbability attaching to such an incident). With his sermon committed to memory in its thus altered condition, Bourdaloue, the next day, mounts the pulpit of the Royal Chapel, where the king and his court are assembled. The king has been forewarned that he is going to "catch it" in the sermon; and hence, he and the preacher, the one in his chair of state and the other in the pulpit, eye each other from the first like two combatants. The following is the description of the sermon: —

Bourdaloue had not yet ascended the pulpit, before everybody was certain that he was going to strike a great blow; if some had doubted it before he made his appearance, his agitation, his paleness could no longer leave them in doubt. It was not that he was still afraid. So long as the uncertainty had remained, and he had been obliged to struggle against the unfortunate desire — entirely mechanical — not to be obliged to preach before the king — he had suffered horribly; the king once arrived, he felt himself quite another person. Who has not felt this? When the danger is uncertain, the bravest are uneasy; if it is there — visible, palpable, and all escape is impossible, the most timid will become bold. And besides, this word timid did not apply to Bourdaloue; it had required a peculiar combination of circumstances to throw him into the distress in which we have seen him. But he seemed destined to experience on this day all the possible alternations of weakness and strength; courage and hesitation. Although accustomed to command an audience eight or ten times as numerous, he found himself at this moment the object of too lively, too piercing an attention, not to be confounded by it. If he had suspected nothing, perhaps he would have perceived nothing, or would have attributed this to an increased interest in himself, in his discourse; but how could he deceive himself? He could not even

take upon him to have recourse to the method which he ordinarily used with success against the treacheries of his memory — that of closing his eyes. In spite of himself, he sought to read in those of the king the effect of his slightest words, and as the king on his side only listened with uneasiness and distrust, it was impossible that a little of his agitation should not pierce through the usual impassibility of his features. It was a curious sight to observe these two men, both so skilful in impressing others, thus mutually impressing and fascinating each other. The king was very nearly vanquished — Bourdaloue was still in his exordium, when a desperate temptation, a bewildering idea took possession of his mind. Here he is in the pulpit; he has no more counsels or orders to receive; he is his own master. What is to hinder him from not delivering this horrible peroration, the cause of all his distraction? He will not take up his former one again, O, no! That is decidedly too inadmissible, and more so at this time than ever. "*I have reason for consolation*" — for shame! Never, no, never will he say to the king anything like that or approaching it. He will not recite that, then, it is settled. He will be able to find a few words to replace it; he will improvise, if he must; he will finish as he best can — and everybody will be satisfied. And every time that he arrived at this conclusion he seemed to hear sounding from the depths of his heart these words of Claude: "Except God!" "Yes," he thought, "except God — and Bossuet, and Montausier, and the queen, and my conscience — and some from piety, and some from curiosity — and the king himself — the king. Ashamed of having trembled, he will console himself only by despising him who made him tremble — for nothing — and who did not dare to go on —" And the sermon went on its way; and all this was whirling through the head of the orator; and the nearer the moment drew when he would be forced to decide, the more terrified he was not to know which side to take. Twenty times he was on the point of losing the thread of his discourse; twenty times he would have lost it had his memory been less tenacious; if, like a circus-rider standing upon a galloping horse, the very rapidity of his course had not tended to preserve his equilibrium. But at the least shock, the least phrase omitted or changed, all would have been broken, upset, lost. He felt this, and it gave only the more vehemence to his utterance. Never had he been in reality so absent in mind, never in appearance so devout. In the arts, a power once discovered, you may apply it to everything; in eloquence, once agitated, all your words receive from this fact a new life, even when the subject of which you speak has nothing, or scarcely anything in common with the primitive cause of this agitation. Agitated, alarmed, so long as emotion and terror do not go so far as to seal your lips, you are eloquent. And thus, he was most eloquent. Since the close of the exordium the greater part of the hearers were his own; but he was still making vain efforts to be theirs. The events of the day — the preoccupations of the next day — the sublime thought of the passion, began to ab-

sorb all, and he, who knew so well how to discover all the miseries in the obscurest folds of these hearts which opened at his voice—he allowed these miseries to fill and gnaw his own. O for a moment of solitude! For a corner to pray in! to place his insupportable burden at the foot of the Cross! But no, he must go on; he must drag it to the end. He is in the middle of his discourse. He draws near the close—and he does not yet know what he shall do. Another page, and hesitation will no longer be possible. Another phrase only—two words more. His head grows dizzy, his knees totter beneath him. He dashes on blindly; with a concentrated violence he lets go the first words which come into his mouth. All is lost! It is not the peroration of Claude; it is his own; the one over which he has groaned; the one which he wished to efface with his tears and his blood. It is as if the devil had whispered in his ear. But suddenly he stops and grows pale. As he turned his head, in order at least to spare himself the shame of pronouncing, before the king's very face, these praises which seem like burning coals upon his lips—what does he see there, in that corner? A grave, motionless, majestic countenance, which is distinctly defined against the long folds of a black mantle. It is he—the Protestant! It is Claude! Bourdaloue is annihilated. He slowly bows his head; he claps his hands. But, O wonder! he rises again. The fire of his eyes breaks forth again; his head is upright and steady; his voice vibrates. It is your turn, Louis le Grand! No one save Claude had perceived the motive of the interruption, no one imagined it to be anything else, but an oratorical ruse; but the movement had been too natural, too true, too terrible, not to have a prodigious effect. The orator had perceived, as by the ray of a flash of lightning, all the advantages he was going to derive from it. “*I have, nevertheless, reason to console myself*”—It was at these words that Bourdaloue had perceived Claude, and that he had risen to fall no more. “To console myself,” he repeated slowly. “Ah, my brethren, what was I about to say?”

Then comes the thunder. The preacher has got upon the right rail—and he “gives it” to the king soundly.

Such is the story:—a pure fabrication, of course, of the author; who uses for his purpose one of the actual sermons of Bourdaloue, in the printed copies of which, however, we still read the eulogistic peroration which the fiction discards. Nothing but this incident, however, is fabricated:—all else is true to the manners of the time and to the character of Bourdaloue. Altogether, we should say that M. Bungenier has shown himself qualified to take a high place either in historical literature or in the literature of historic fiction. The short sketch appended to the main story of the present volume, under the title of “Two Evenings at the Hôtel de Rambouillet,” is equally conclusive of the author's vocation for the practice of historical portrait-painting.

[Some persons elected as members to the House of Commons have lost their seats on proof of bribery at the elections. Punch makes *Cherubin* of them, through some confusion of ideas.]

ST. STEPHEN AND HIS CHERUBS.

ST. STEPHEN sat late at his new chapel gate,
In a state of resigned expectation
Of the winding up of a lengthy debate,
Not the least affecting the nation.

When, up in the air, the saint is aware
Of a sound as of wings and of voices,
And he lifts up his eyes in pious surprise,
To see what the cause of the noise is.

It comes from a rout of cherubim stout—
Parliamentary apotheoses—
Their cheeks once so chubby, beslobbered and
grubby

With the tears that have run down their noses.
With agonized swings of their poor little wings
They try vainly to wipe their fat faces,
With bitter complaint, o'er the head of the saint,
Flying out from their late pleasant places.

“What means this wild grieving?” said holy St. Stephen.

Quoth they, “We are victims to law, sir.”
“Won't you sit and explain?” But they answered again,
“How sit? when we hav n't *de quoi*, sir!

“The seats are all gone that we late sat upon—
Ta'en away by our hard-hearted brothers;—
And the worst of the ill is, that, do what we will,
There's no chance of our meeting with others.

“Here's the cherub of Clitheroe, whither, oh
whither, oh,

Is he to go look for a borough?
Here's the cherub of Chatham, they all went in
at him,
Though they'd play just the same tricks to-morrow.

“And the Lancaster cherub'll feel his loss terrible,

As his seat to get warm was beginnin';
And the Hull cherubs twain must go canvass
again,

With the cherub of Rye, young Mackinnon.

“They who over the same bridge of gold in for
Cambridge

Walked triumphant—one rich and one clever,
Before they can meet with as cosy a seat,
May go wand'ring the kingdom forever!

“And what adds aggravation to our sad situation,
Is the fact—which all folks must admit, sir—
That the few thus ill-treated by being unseated,
Are no worse than the many who sit, sir!”

Then the saint with a grin stroked the beard on
his chin,

And with voice, than which none could be
blander,

Said, “In my house, you see, the proverb should
be,

‘Sauce for goose is *not quite* sauce for gander.’”

From the Athenæum.

L. E. L. AND THE GOLD COAST.*

If there exists anywhere outside the boundaries of romantic fable a land which is at once "a beauty and a mystery," it is probably the Gold Coast of Africa. A sky of unclouded brightness—a luxuriant Flora, yielding in the garden the most tempting fruits and rising in the forest into the grandest forms of vegetable life—birds of the most gorgeous plumage—animals and insects of almost infinite variety—give to the external appearance of this coast an extraordinary charm and gaiety. The outward sparkle—the voluptuous sense of easy and relaxed enjoyment—though common in their degree in all tropical countries, become intensified in Africa, from the luminous mists which hang over the earth. The story of the land is also singularly in harmony with its outward aspects. Its dismal forests offer themselves as appropriate scenes for those superstitious rites and cruel customs in which the natives are known to indulge. Itself a land of outrage, it is also the fringe of a district which is the slave estate of the vilest of our race. Altogether, there is a lurid harmony of tones and colors on that coast, at once moral and physical. The white cottages of the European residents, which appear from the sea as if about to be swallowed up in the luxuriant vegetation, are but the types of a human story. How weak and wasted seem the white population of the Coast in contrast with the abounding nature—how few the houses—how numerous the tombs!

Mr. Brodie Cruickshank, a member of the Legislative Council of Cape Coast Castle, has here given us in two small volumes the story of his eighteen years' residence at this beautiful but insalubrious point of Africa. It is for the most part a weary and monotonous record of petty wars, miserable intrigues and barbarian customs:—a record of minute incidents, which, should the capital of an Anglo-African empire ever rise on the site of the Castle, will doubtless be interesting to the antiquary of that country. There is, however, one chapter in Mr. Cruickshank's narrative which has a present interest—that in which he describes the arrival, colonial life, mysterious death, and sudden burial of Mrs. Maclean. This chapter adds some new particulars to the painful and romantic story of L. E. L.

Few passages in the personal history of modern literature have been more discussed than the various circumstances connected with the sudden and mysterious death of this

popular favorite—and, as the published information on the subject before the public is neither ample in amount nor unimpeachable in character, we avail ourselves of such new lights as Mr. Cruickshank may afford us. His means of knowledge were, in any case, first-rate. He speaks of himself—

as one who had the happiness of seeing a good deal of this accomplished lady upon the coast, who enjoyed and keenly felt the fascinations of her society, who only ten hours before her death had sat and listened with a rapt attention to her brilliant sallies of wit and feeling, who was present at the investigations consequent upon her sudden death, whose eyes were the last to rest upon those rigid features so recently beaming with all the animating glow of a fine intelligence, and who, with a sorrowful heart, saw her consigned to her narrow resting-place. . . . I will endeavor to place in its true light a short account of her too brief sojourn in Africa.

When Mrs. Maclean arrived at Cape Coast, there was no European lady then at the settlement—and her husband was in very bad health. Mr. Cruickshank was also ill. An invitation to visit the governor and his wife found him in bed, and it was some days before he could venture out to the Castle.—

I sent in my name by the servant, and immediately afterwards Mrs. Maclean came to the hall and welcomed me. I was hurried away to his bed-room, Mrs. Maclean saying, as she tripped through the long gallery: "You are a privileged person, Mr. Cruickshank, for I can assure you, it is not every one that is admitted here." I took a seat by the side of his bed, upon which Mrs. Maclean sat down, arranging the clothes about her husband in the most affectionate manner, and receiving ample compensation for her attentions by a very sweet and expressive smile of thankfulness. We thus sat and chatted together for some hours, Mrs. Maclean laughingly recounting her experiences of roughing it in Africa, and commenting, with the greatest good-humor and delight, upon what struck her as the oddities in such a state of society. She pointed to a temporary bed which had been made for her upon the floor, and said, Mr. Maclean's sufferings had been so great for some nights, that the little sleep which she had got had been taken there. I declined to occupy an apartment in the Castle, but promised to call daily during my stay in Cape Coast to pass a few hours with them.

We pass the daily record of social intercourse. Mr. Cruickshank was about to return to England for his health; Mrs. Maclean was employed in writing sketches of Scott's heroines for the "Book of Beauty,"—and as she sometimes found it difficult to fix her thoughts on a particular subject, "she seemed to have some alarm that the climate was affecting her." Mr. Cruickshank writes—

* Eighteen Years on the Gold Coast of Africa, including an Account of the Native Tribes, and their Intercourse with Europeans. By Brodie Cruickshank. Hurst & Blackett.

As the day drew near for my departure, she occupied herself more and more in writing to her friends in England. It had been arranged that the vessel should sail on the forenoon of the 16th of October, and I agreed to dine and spend the evening of the 15th with the governor and his lady. It was in every respect a night to be remembered. . . . At eleven o'clock I rose to leave. It was a fine clear night, and she strolled into the gallery, where we walked for half-an-hour. Mr. Maclean joined us for a few minutes, but not liking the night air, in his weak state, he returned to the parlor. She was much struck with the beauty of the heavens in those latitudes at night, and said it was when looking at the moon and the stars that her thoughts oftenest reverted to home. She pleased herself with thinking that the eyes of some beloved friend might be turned in the same direction, and that she had thus established a medium of communication for all that her heart wished to express. "But you must not," she said, "think me a foolish, moonstruck lady. I sometimes think of these things oftener than I should, and your departure for England has called up a world of delightful associations. You will tell Mr. F —, however, that I am not tired yet. He told me I should return by the vessel that brought me out; but I knew he would be mistaken." We joined the governor in the parlor. I bade them good night, promising to call in the morning, to bid them adieu. I never saw her in life again.

At breakfast next day Mr. Cruickshank was alarmed by a summons — "You are wanted at the Castle — Mr. Maclean is dead," said the messenger. Hurrying to the Castle, he found that it was not Mr. but Mrs. Maclean — whom he had left the previous night so well — who was no more. "Never," he says, "shall I forget the horror-stricken expression of Mr. Maclean's countenance." —

We entered the room, where all that was mortal of poor L. E. L. was stretched upon the bed. Dr. Cobbold rose up from a close examination of her face, and told us all was over; she was beyond recovery. My heart would not believe it. It seemed impossible that she, from whom I had parted not many hours ago so full of life and energy, could be so suddenly struck down. I seized her hand, and gazed upon her face. The expression was calm and meaningless. Her eyes were open, fixed, and protruding.

An inquest was immediately held; —

All that could be elicited, upon the strictest investigation, was simply this: It appeared that she had risen, and left her husband's bedroom about seven o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to her own dressing-room, which was up a short flight of stairs, and entered by a separate door from that leading to the bed-room. Before proceeding to dress, she had occupied herself an hour and a half in writing letters. She then called her servant, Mrs. Bailey, and sent her to a store-room to fetch some pomatum. Mrs. Bailey was absent only a few minutes.

When she returned, she found difficulty in opening the door, on account of a weight which appeared to be pressing against it. This she discovered to be the body of her mistress. She pushed it aside, and found that she was senseless. She immediately called Mr. Maclean. Dr. Cobbold was sent for; but from the first moment of the discovery of the body on the floor, there had not appeared any symptom of life. Mrs. Bailey farther asserted that she found a small phial in the hand of the deceased, which she removed and placed upon the toilet-table. Mrs. Maclean had appeared well when she sent her to fetch the pomatum. She had observed in her no appearance of unhappiness. Mr. Maclean stated, that his wife had left him about seven o'clock in the morning, and that he had never seen her again in life. When he was called to her dressing-room, he found her dead upon the floor. After some time, he observed a small phial upon the toilet-table, and asked Mrs. Bailey where it had come from. She told him that she had found it in Mrs. Maclean's hand. This phial had contained Scheele's preparation of prussic acid. His wife had been in the habit of using it for severe fits or spasms to which she was subject. She had made use of it once on the passage from England, to his knowledge. He was greatly averse to her having such a dangerous medicine, and wished to throw it overboard. She entreated him not to do so, as she must die without it. There had been no quarrel nor unkindness between him and his wife. — Dr. Cobbold, who had been requested to make a *post-mortem* examination, did not consider it at all necessary to do so, as he felt persuaded she had died by prussic acid. He was led to this conclusion from the appearance of the eyes of the deceased; and he believed he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person. My own evidence proved, that I had parted from Mr. and Mrs. Maclean at a very late hour on the evening before, and that they appeared then upon the happiest terms with each other. There was found upon her writing-desk a letter not yet folded, which she had written that morning, the ink of which was scarcely dry at the time of the discovery of her death. This letter was read at the inquest. It was for Mrs. Fagan, upon whom she had wished me to call. It was written in a cheerful spirit, and gave no indication of unhappiness. In the postscript — the last words she ever wrote — she recommended me to the kind attentions of her friend. With the evidence before them, it was impossible for the jury to entertain for one instant the idea that the unfortunate lady had wilfully destroyed herself. On the other hand, considering the evidence respecting the phial, her habit of making use of this dangerous medicine, and the decided opinion of the doctor that her death was caused by it, it seemed equally clear that they must attribute her death to this cause. Their verdict, therefore, was, that she died from an overdose of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid taken inadvertently.

Mr. Cruickshank concurred in this verdict at the time — but since his arrival in England

he has found reason "to doubt of its correctness." He now entertains the opinion, that death was caused by "some sudden affection of the heart." We refrain from any comment on either facts or opinions — and will content ourselves with adding a picture of the last scene of all from the narrative of this eyewitness:—

In those warm latitudes interment follows death with a haste which often cruelly shocks the feelings. Mrs. Maclean was buried the same evening within the precincts of the castle. Mr. Topp read the funeral service, and the whole of the residents assisted at the solemn ceremony. The grave was lined with walls of brick and mortar, with an arch over the coffin. Soon after the conclusion of the service, one of those heavy showers only known in tropical climates suddenly came on. All departed for their houses. I remained to see the arch completed. The bricklayers were obliged to get a covering to protect them and their work from the rain. Night had come on before the paving stones were all put down over the grave, and the workmen finished their business by torchlight. How sadly yet does that night of gloom return to my remembrance! How sad were then my thoughts, as, wrapped up in my cloak, I stood beside the grave of L. E. L., under that pitiless torrent of rain! I fancied what would be the thoughts of thousands in England, if they could see and know the meaning of that flickering light, of those busy workmen, and of that silent watcher! I thought of yesterday, when at the same time I was taking my seat beside her at dinner, and now, O, how very — very sad the change!

The second volume of this work contains a good account of the manners and customs of the native tribes of the Gold Coast — but these have not sufficient interest to warrant extract.

Part of an Article in the Spectator.

MR. CRUICKSHANK has passed the last eighteen years of his life at Cape Coast Castle, or the settlements under its influence, engaged for a considerable portion of the time in the discharge of public duties which brought him into constant connection with the natives in matters of law and custom. His book is the result of his long opportunities and experience; and it contains the most thorough and complete account of the character, customs, superstitions, laws, and social state of the Western Negroes, that we have seen. To this survey Mr. Cruickshank has added a history of our settlements on the Gold Coast, with a geographical sketch of the region.

The book is full of stories or cases illustrative of the topics in hand, but it is rather a series of essays upon classes of subjects than anything approaching to what is understood by travels. Here and there the author throws in a description, and an evidently living

knowledge pervades the whole; but personal incidents or the results of particular observation are rarely met with. This mode of composition perhaps imparts value as an instructive exposition, but rather detracts from the popular character. Mr. Cruickshank, moreover, is rather too prone to reflection or discussion, which often gives to his pages the air of a sermon or lecture. In spite of these drawbacks, the book is a full and lifelike picture of a people whose hardships as plantation-slaves have brought them more fully before the world than their own importance or deeds would have accomplished; whose character and condition at home has been the subject of much dispute; and whose social position is well worth study. The institutions and civil state of the Negroes seem to bear a closer resemblance to that of the Germanic tribes than might have been expected; while some of their customs and laws are counterparts of those of the Hebrews as recorded in the Mosaic writings.

The subjects Mr. Cruickshank most fully discusses are Fetish — their religion or superstition; laws, and usages having the effect of laws; slavery, and the results of missionary teaching, with the future prospects of this part of Africa. The system of Fetish has often been handled before, but never so fully or so philosophically, with such a complete exposure of the arts of Fetish men, or so fair an estimate of its results. Bad and fraudulent as is the system, it was held by the principal and best-informed natives that its abolition, without something to put in its place, would be dangerous, since it still exercised a control over the conduct of the people by means of fear. Circumstances, however, have lately enabled the government to thoroughly expose the fraud, and they have done so, without apparent evil consequences. On the contrary, it has extended a nominal Christianity, and led to the building of chapels.

The extent of African slavery, the tyranny which the native master can exercise over his slave, and very often does, except when checked by British influence, give some countenance to the planter's argument, ridiculous as it sounds, that the Negro is worse off at home. Slavery is interwoven with the whole system of life. Almost every man is born a slave, or is liable to become a slave. In the case of captured, purchased, or slaves born of slaves, the case is intelligible enough. The peculiarities of African law render almost every one a slave, or so deeply indebted that his freedom is unsubstantial. By a singular and rather complex system of marriage-laws, children are not often born free; but besides, the father or mother may belong to the father's or mother's family. As in many other nations, a debt which cannot be discharged reduces a man to slavery. There is also a

system of pawning. The head of a family may pawn his relations to raise money; and though they may have an option on some occasions, the point of honor prevents its being enforced. Till the debt is repaid with fifty per cent. interest, the pawned are practically slaves, and so are the children unless they are redeemed; while the pawnee seems to possess a summary sort of foreclosing power, by which he may sell them all. This state of things renders our direct interference on the subject of slavery a ticklish affair, especially as we have no political rights in the country either by conquest or cession; in fact, we are truly no more than tenants of the factories we occupy. The Colonial Office could not be made to understand this; and at a more fanatical period, or perhaps when the anti-slavery party were supposed to be more powerful than they now are, it directed proceedings that would have inevitably ended in war, had they been carried out by the authorities at Cape Coast Castle. Even now the office persists in "ignoring" the subject.

The Negro mind is litigious and casuistical. Few persons are found without a knowledge of the laws, or the power of conducting a case; for a man's fortune or freedom may depend upon his skill. Mr. Cruickshank gives a very bad account of their law and practice. Abstractedly such may be the fact; but it does not strike us that Negro jurisprudence is much worse than law in other places. The case of Quansah *versus* Oboo, which our author adduces as an instance of African judicial iniquity, is not without parallel at home in its main features. The plaintiff, Quansah, was jealous of his cousin and family head, Oboo, though on no better grounds than some superstitious notions. He proceeded against the suspected; but in lieu of going before his proper chief, Ottoo, he carried his case before the Pynins, or assembly of headmen—the Collective Wisdom.

The decision of the Pynins conveys to the mind of the Fantee a species of abstract necessity, an irresponsible kind of fatality, which admits neither of resistance nor redress.

When the day arrived for the hearing of Quansah's charge, a large space was cleanly swept in the market-place for the accommodation of the assembly: for this a charge of ten shillings was made and paid. When the Pynins had taken their seats, surrounded by their followers, who squatted upon the ground, a consultation took place as to the amount which they ought to charge for the occupation of their valuable time; and, after duly considering the plaintiff's means, with the view of extracting from him as much as they could, they valued their intended services at 6*l.* 15*s.*; which he was in like manner called upon to pay. Another charge of 2*l.* 5*s.* was made in the name of tribute to the chief, and as an acknowledgment of gratitude for his presence upon the occasion; 1*l.* 10*s.* was then ordered to

be paid to purchase rum for the judges, 1*l.* for the gratification of the followers, ten shillings to the man who took the trouble to weigh out these different sums, and five shillings to the courtiers. Thus Quansah had to pay 12*l.* 15*s.* to bring his case before this august court; the members of which during the trial carried on a pleasant carouse of rum and palm wine.

The preliminaries having been thus arranged to their satisfaction, the defendant Oboo was then brought before them; and, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, he was compelled to pay 12*l.* 15*s.* as Quansah had done. An investigation then took place amid the wanton jokes and obscene ribaldry of the crowd, who prolonged the entertainment while the drink lasted.

Quansah had nothing to ground his charge upon but his own suspicions, drawn from several inconclusive circumstances not deserving of consideration. His wife was examined, and declared her innocence; and the charge altogether remained unsupported by a single iota of evidence.

As Quansah, however, insisted that both Oboo and his wife should take the oath of purgation, the Pynins were not allowed to declare their innocence until this ceremony was concluded. But even this oath did not satisfy Quansah; he represented that the Fetish by which they had sworn was not sufficiently powerful to reveal their guilt, and that he would not be satisfied until they had made a journey to the Braffoo Fetish at Man-kassim, and taken the oath of purgation before the priests there. This being considered the principal Fetish of the country, an appeal of this kind is not made without considerable expense; but the Pynins declared themselves satisfied of Oboo's innocence without the confirmation of the Braffoo Fetish, whom they made it optional for him and the woman to consult or not as they thought fit.

This finding made Quansah liable for the payment of Oboo's expenses; but there was little compensation to be found in this, for to raise the funds to enable him to begin this prosecution, Quansah had pawned his services to one of the head men who assisted at this mockery of justice; and, unless by any extraordinary good fortune he was enabled to repay the loan, he would very probably pass the remainder of his life in servitude.

But the evil consequences of this iniquitous transaction did not stop short here. Oboo and his family were simple tillers of the ground, whose entire riches consist for the most part in their periodical crops of corn, yams, plantain, and cassada, which barely suffice to support the family, and to supply them with funds to purchase a few articles of clothing and a little rum for the performance of their annual customs; upon any sudden demand for money, they have no other resource than that of selling or pawning themselves and their relations. On the occasion which we have been describing, Oboo was obliged to pledge two of his nephews to obtain the 12*l.* 15*s.*, which was shared among the head men and their myrmidons. Thus we have seen, in this brief history, with what a fatal facility the corrupt nature of the native tribunals becomes instrumental in gratifying the passions of vindic-

tive men. The instance here cited is far from being a solitary one, either in its criminality or in the injuriousness of its consequences, and it has been selected as of late occurrence, and as having come under the official notice of the writer; who had the pleasure of being able to restore to freedom the nephews of Oboe, by means of a process of disgorging to which he compelled Oboe and his head men to submit.

Twelve pounds fifteen shillings is undoubtedly a large sum for the Gold Coast; but if the costs of each litigant in our courts on a somewhat similar occasion were reduced to African value, they doubtless would amount to as much at least. The plaintiff failing in his suit, and not being worth the cost, of the defendant, sometimes occurs in happy England, where men are also occasionally ruined by law or its charges. The decision was sound enough; and from all the cost, anxiety, and wearing suspense of the law's delay the litigants were freed. The job was settled out of hand and finally. Had Mr. Quansah been a British litigant, he probably might have been able to carry his case before a British court which should be analogous "to the Bruffoo Fetish at Mankassim."

From the Athenæum.

LORD BYRON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

WE expressed, our readers will remember, last week, a doubt as to whether the property in the manuscript of the Byron Memoirs was legally in Mr. Moore at the time of Lord Byron's death — though we argued the question of Mr. Moore's conduct in the matter on the ground of the right over the document assumed by himself. We have now had communicated to us the following letter from the late Mr. Murray, of Albemarle street, to Mr. Robert Wilmot Horton, the friend of Lord Byron's family; written, it will be seen, shortly after Byron's death, in answer to a statement made by Mr. Moore relative to the sale and destruction of the Autobiography. A limited number of copies of the letter have been printed by the present Mr. Murray for distribution among his father's friends — not so much, it is understood, in needless vindication of his father's conduct on this occasion, as in reply to certain passages in Moore's journal which Lord John Russell, after cancelling the principal entry, has, nevertheless, allowed to stand and contradict his own summary of Moore's conduct in this unfortunate affair. The letter, our readers will observe, confirms the statement which we made, that the MS. had been offered by Mr. Moore for sale to the Messrs. Longman, and refused by them, before it was offered to Mr. Murray; — and states, among other points of moment, a new and important fact — that when the MS. was de-

stroyed, Mr. Moore was not legally liable to repay the two thousand guineas to Mr. Murray: —

Albemarle Street, May 19, 1824.

Dear Sir — On my return home last night, I found your letter, dated the 27th, calling on me for a specific answer whether I acknowledged the accuracy of the statement of Mr. Moore, communicated in it. However unpleasant it is to me, your requisition of a specific answer obliges me to say that I cannot by any means admit the accuracy of that statement; and in order to explain to you how Mr. Moore's misapprehension may have arisen, and the ground upon which my assertion rests, I feel it necessary to trouble you with a statement of all the circumstances of the case, which will enable you to judge for yourself.

Lord Byron having made Mr. Moore a present of his Memoirs, Mr. Moore offered them for sale to Messrs. Longman & Co., who however declined to purchase them; Mr. Moore then made me a similar offer, which I accepted; and in November, 1821, a joint assignment of the Memoirs was made to me by Lord Byron and Mr. Moore, with all legal technicalities, in consideration of a sum of 2,000 guineas, which, on the execution of the agreement by Mr. Moore, I paid to him; Mr. Moore also covenanted, in consideration of the said sum, to act as editor of the Memoirs, and to supply an account of the subsequent events of Lord Byron's life, &c. Some months after the execution of this assignment, Mr. Moore requested me, as a great personal favor to himself and to Lord Byron, to enter into a second agreement, by which I should resign the absolute property which I had in the Memoirs, and give Mr. Moore and Lord Byron, or any of their friends, a power of redemption *during the life of Lord Byron*.

As the reason pressed upon me for this change was, that their friends thought that there were some things in the Memoirs that might be injurious to both, I did not hesitate to make this alteration at Mr. Moore's request; and, accordingly, on the 6th day of May, 1822, a second deed was executed, stating that, "Whereas, Lord Byron and Mr. Moore are now inclined to wish the said work not to be published, it is agreed that, if either of them shall, *during the life of the said Lord Byron*, repay the 2,000 guineas to Mr. Murray, the latter shall re-deliver the Memoirs; but that if the sum be not repaid, *during the lifetime of Lord Byron*, Mr. Murray shall be at full liberty to print and publish the said Memoirs within three months* after the death of the said Lord Byron." I need hardly call your particular attention to the words, carefully inserted twice over in this agreement, which limited its existence to the *lifetime of Lord Byron*; the reason of such limitation was obvious and natural, namely, that although I consented to restore the work *while Lord Byron should be alive*, to di-

* To this passage the present Mr. Murray has added this note: — The words "within Three Months," were substituted for "immediately," at Mr. Moore's request — and they appear in pencil, in his own handwriting, upon the original draft of the Deed, which is still in existence.

rect the ulterior disposal of it, I should by no means consent to place it after his death at the disposal of any other person.

I must now observe, that I had never been able to obtain possession of the original assignment which was my sole lien on this property; although I had made repeated applications to Mr. Moore to put me in the possession of the deed, which was stated to be in the hands of Lord Byron's banker.

Feeling, I confess, in some degree alarmed at the withholding the deed, and dissatisfied at Mr. Moore's inattention to my interests in this particular, I wrote urgently to him in March, 1823, to procure me the deed, and at the same time expressed my wish that the second agreement should either be cancelled or *at once executed*.

Finding this application unavailing, and becoming by the greater lapse of time still more doubtful as to what the intentions of the parties might be, I, in March, 1824, repeated my demand to Mr. Moore in a more peremptory manner, and was in consequence at length put into possession of the original deed. But not being at all satisfied with the course that had been pursued towards me, I repeated to Mr. Moore my uneasiness at the terms on which I stood under the second agreement, and renewed my request to him that he would either cancel it, or execute its provisions by the immediate redemption of the work, in order that I might exactly know what my rights in the property were. He requested time to consider of this proposition. In a day or two he called and told me that he would adopt the latter alternative, namely, the redemption of the Memoirs, as he had found persons who were ready to advance the money on *his insuring his life*, and he promised to conclude the business on the first day of his return to town, by paying the money and giving up the agreement. Mr. Moore did return to town, but did not, that I have heard of, take any proceedings for insuring his life; he positively neither wrote, nor called upon me, as he had promised to do (though he was generally accustomed to make mine one of his first houses of call), nor did he take any other step, that I am aware of, to show that he had any recollection of the conversation which had passed between us previous to his leaving town, until the death of Lord Byron had, *ipso facto*, cancelled the agreement in question, and completely restored my absolute rights over the property of the Memoirs.

You will therefore perceive that there was no verbal agreement in existence between Mr. Moore and me, at the time I made a verbal agreement with you to deliver the Memoirs to be destroyed. Mr. Moore might undoubtedly, during Lord Byron's life, have obtained possession of the Memoirs, if he had pleased to do so; he, however, neglected or delayed to give effect to our verbal agreement, which, as well as the written instrument to which it related, were cancelled by the death of Lord Byron, and there was no reason whatsoever why I was not at that instant perfectly at liberty to dispose of the MS. as I thought proper. Had I considered only my own interest as a tradesman, I would have announced the work for immediate publication, and I cannot

doubt that, under all the circumstances, the public curiosity about these Memoirs would have given me a very considerable profit beyond the large sum I originally paid for them; but you yourself are, I think, able to do me the justice of bearing witness that I looked at the case with no such feelings, and that my regard for Lord Byron's memory, and my respect for his surviving family, made me more anxious that the Memoirs should be immediately destroyed, since it was surmised that the publication might be injurious to the former and painful to the latter.

As I myself scrupulously refrained from looking into the Memoirs, I cannot from my own knowledge say whether such an opinion of the contents was correct or not; it was enough for me that the friends of Lord and Lady Byron united in wishing for their destruction. Why Mr. Moore should have wished to preserve them, I did not nor will inquire; but having satisfied myself that he had no right whatever in them, I was happy in having an opportunity of making, by a pecuniary sacrifice on my part, some return for the honor, and, I must add, the profit, which I had derived from Lord Byron's patronage and friendship. You will also be able to bear witness that, although I could not presume to impose an obligation on the friends of Lord Byron or Mr. Moore, by refusing to receive the repayment of the 2,000 guineas advanced by me, yet that I had determined on the destruction of the Memoirs, without any previous agreement for such repayment, and you know the Memoirs were actually destroyed without any stipulation on my part, but even with a declaration that I had destroyed my own private property, and I therefore had no claim upon any party for remuneration. I remain, Dear Sir, your faithful servant,
(Signed) JOHN MURRAY.

To Robert Wilmot Horton, Esq.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF ROB ROY. — His death-bed was in character with his life; when confined to bed, a person with whom he was at enmity proposed to visit him. "Raise me up," said Rob Roy to his attendants, "dress me in my best clothes, tie on my arms, place me in my chair. It shall never be said that Rob Roy Macgregor was seen defenceless and unarmed by an enemy." His wishes were executed; and he received his guest with haughty courtesy. When he had departed, the dying chief exclaimed: "It is all over now — put me to bed — call in the piper; let him play '*Ha til mi tulidh*' [we return no more] as long as I breathe." He was obeyed — he died, it is said, before the dirge was finished. His tempestuous life was closed at the farm of Inverlochlarigbeg (the scene, afterwards, of his son's frightful crimes), in the Braes of Balquhider. He died in 1785, and his remains repose in the parish churchyard, beneath a stone upon which some admirer of this extraordinary man has carved a sword. His funeral is said to have been attended by all ranks of people, and a deep regret was expressed for one whose character had much to recommend it to the regard of Highlanders. — *Memoirs of the Jacobites*.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

THE SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

ROBERT OWEN having done us the honor to send us a copy of his Manifesto to All Nations, touching the new light which has beamed upon his understanding through the medium of spiritual rappings, we lose no time in laying it before our readers, together with his "Narrative" of the ways and means by which he became converted to the new delusion. In this Narrative he states that he has had numerous interviews with the spirits; that all his questions relating to the past and present have been answered by them promptly and truly except one (the result of his own error), and that he has received "very rational replies as to the future." One of the questions which he states to have been answered promptly and truly, is as follows:—

Q. Have I (Owen) been assisted in my writings for the public by any particular spirit?
Ans. "Yea."

Q. What spirit? Ans. "God."

This last answer, Owen tells us, was made in such a manner as to create "a peculiarly awful impression on those present." We should think so. For a veteran infidel, who through a long life has been diffusing his pernicious doctrines far and wide, to be told that he has been specially assisted in these writings by *God*, or the Spirit of God, is indeed awful—horrible—blasphemous. And this answer he supposes to have been given by the spirit of Benjamin Franklin! Much more likely by the Spirit of Darkness. But we will let the old gentleman (Owen) tell his own story in his own way.

MANIFESTO OF ROBERT OWEN TO ALL GOVERNMENTS AND PEOPLES.

*Peace, Charity, Love, Union, and Progress,
to all the Inhabitants of the Earth.*

A great moral revolution is about to be effected for the human race, and by an apparent miracle.

Strange and incredible as it will at first appear, communications, most important and gratifying, have been made in great numbers in America, and to many in this country, through manifestations, by invisible but audible powers, purporting to be from departed spirits, and to me especially from President Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, Grace Fletcher, my first and most enlightened disciple, and many members of my own family, Welsh and Scotch.

No one who knows me will attribute superstition to me, or want of moral courage to investigate truth, and to follow it wherever it may lead.

I have honestly and fearlessly applied my best faculties to examine the religions, laws, governments, institutions, and classifications, of all nations and peoples, and I have found them to be based on a fundamental principle of error,

which pervades the whole, and which, in consequence, produces, in each of these divisions of society, evil instead of good.

I have applied all my powers of mind as honestly and fearlessly to investigate these new manifestations, said to be made by departed spirits, from another advanced state of our existence.

Until the commencement of this investigation, a few weeks since, I believed that all things are eternal, but that there is a constant change in combinations and their results, and that there was no personal or conscious existence after death.

By investigating the history of these manifestations in America, and subsequently, as will be narrated, through the proceedings of an American medium, by whose peculiar organization manifestations are obtained, I have been compelled, contrary to my previous strong convictions, to believe in a future conscious state of life, existing in a refined material, or what is called a spiritual state. And that, from the natural progress of creation, these departed spirits have attained the power to communicate their feelings and knowledge to us living upon the earth, by various means.

From the communications which have been made to me, through the aid of this American medium,* from Jefferson, Franklin, Grace Fletcher, and the father of our present sovereign, I am informed that these new manifestations, or revelations, from the spiritual, or, more truly, the refined material world, are made for the purpose of changing the present false, disunited, and miserable state of human existence, for a true, united, and happy state, to arise from a new universal education, or formation of character, from birth, to be based on truth, and conducted in accordance with the established laws of human nature.

A change which, with the concurrence of the existing authorities in Europe and America, disregarding all old prejudices, may be now easily effected, to the lasting benefit of all upon earth.

To delay the public announcement of these all-important truths, now that they are known to me, would be to delay unnecessarily the change from ignorance to knowledge, from poverty to wealth, from disunion to union, from falsehood to truth, from deception to honesty, from evil to good, and from general misery to universal happiness.

The means to effect this change in all countries are known.

The means by which the evils enumerated are created have become obvious.

The means by which the good may be secured

* The medium referred to is Mrs. Hayden, residing at No. 22 Queen Anne street, Cavendish Square. All who have had opportunities of becoming well acquainted with Mrs. Hayden will testify to her simplicity of mind, to the kindness and benevolence of her disposition, and to the truthfulness of her professional statements, as well as to her extreme sensitiveness when her veracity is doubted.

can be now peacefully and with wise foresight introduced and gradually extended over the world.

The obstacles to be removed, to prepare the way for these changes, are the errors of all religions, and the uncharitable feelings which each necessarily creates against the members of all other religions.

And the error of all existing governments, respecting the fundamental principle which can alone cultivate and stimulate the natural faculties of man, to unity, charity, truth, love or real goodness, among the human race, from the birth to the death of each.

These obstacles are to be now removed, not by violence, or abusive language, or in an unkind spirit; but with patience, forbearance, perseverance, and love for mankind, regardless of color, clime, country, class, sect, or party, or difference of race or condition.

All are to be made happy, or none can be made to be substantially and permanently so.

The means by which to effect this, the greatest of all changes in human existence, are, like all the operations of nature to attain general important results, simple in principle and easy in practice.

All that is requisite is, to supersede, without violence, the false fundamental principle on which alone human affairs have been until now constructed and governed, and the characters of all have been cultivated and formed from birth. And in practice, to abandon the evil course of creating inferior and injurious conditions, now universal throughout all countries, necessarily making those within them inferior and injurious to themselves and others. And, instead of these evil proceedings, to commence the practice of creating good and superior conditions only, in which from birth to place all of the human race. And then, from necessity, all will become good and superior, and gradually, by this new education, *very* good and *very* superior.

Were it not for these new and most extraordinary manifestations, there would arise a conflict between the evil spirits of democracy and aristocracy, which would deluge the world with blood, and would create universal violence and slaughter among all nations. But these manifestations appear to be made at this period, to prepare the world for universal peace, and to infuse into all the spirit of charity, forbearance and love.

These new and extraordinary manifestations have not changed my confidence in the truth of the principles which I have so long advocated, nor my assurance of the benefits to be derived from their universal application to practice. On the contrary, the certainty of the immense permanent advantages to be insured by the adoption of this system by the human race, has been confirmed to me by the spirits of Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, the Duke of Kent, and Grace Fletcher.

Those who are wise, and who are not opposed to the universal happiness of mankind, will mark, learn, and inwardly digest these things.

ROBERT OWEN.

London, March 30th, 1853.

THE NARRATIVE.

Many would-be-philosophers, and some who forget their own difficulties in their first attempts to introduce a knowledge of electricity, magnetism, mesmerism, and clairvoyance, as well as those of others in introducing any new great improvements—who do not know what has been attained and proved in other countries, and who have not calmly and perseveringly investigated the facts long since ascertained as undeniable—will hastily decide that these new manifestations, although apparently mere extensions of animal magnetism, are cunningly devised deceptions.

Against any such crude and premature conclusions I strongly protest, knowing how long these same objectors have opposed the introduction of the system which I have for half a century advocated—a system based solely on self-evident facts, and built up on self-evident deductions from those facts—a system having in view solely the permanent good of all from birth to death—a system, and the only system, calculated to compel all from their birth to become gradually as *good, wise and happy*, as their organization, given to them by the Great Creating Power of the universe, or God, will admit.

I protest against the conclusions of these would-be-thought wise philosophers, because I have patiently, with first impressions strongly against the truthfulness of these manifestations, investigated their history and the proceedings connected with them in the United States—have read the most authenticated works for and against them, with much desire to disbelieve those in their favor—and, although against strong evidence, I long continued to doubt, and thought the whole a delusion (but in many cases I was obliged to admit it must be an honest delusion), I have been compelled to come to a very different conclusion.

While in doubt upon this subject I heard of the media in this country, and was casually introduced to Mrs. Hayden, an American medium, without having any intention to ask a question respecting the spirits; my object being to purchase a book which Mrs. Hayden had for sale, written by a valued and most truthful friend of mine in America—Adin Ballou, who has written a plain, practical, common-sense history of this new revelation to the human race.

While conversing with Mrs. Hayden, and while we were both standing before the fire, and talking of our mutual friends, suddenly raps were heard on a table at some distance from us, no one being near to it. I was surprised, and as the raps continued and appeared to indicate a strong desire to attract attention, I asked what was the meaning of the sounds. Mrs. Hayden said they were spirits anxious to communicate with some one, and she would inquire who they were. They replied to her, by the alphabet, that they were friends of mine who were desirous to communicate with me. Mrs. Hayden then gave me the alphabet and pencil, and I found, according to *their own* statements, that the spirits were those of my Mother, and Father. I tested their truth by various ques-

tions, and their answers, all correct, surprised me exceedingly. I have since had twelve seances, some of long continuance, and during which I have asked a considerable number of questions; to all of which, with one exception, I have had prompt and true answers so far as the past, and present, and very rational replies as to the future; but these last have to be tested by time. The exception was my own afterwards discovered error.

In mixed societies, with conflicting minds, I have seen very confused answers given; but I believe, in all these cases, the errors have arisen from the state of mind of the inquirer.

The following are some of the answers which I have had from the invisible agents, said by themselves to be the spirits of departed friends, and from others whom I never saw, but whom I wished to consult.

At one Sitting.

Q. Are there many spirits present? A. "No."

Q. How many? A. "Two."

Q. Who are they, and will you name them by the alphabet? A. "Wife," and "Mary Owen" (my youngest daughter).

Q. What object have the spirits at this period, in thus manifesting themselves to us? A. "To reform the world."

Q. Can I materially promote this object? A. "You can assist in promoting it."

Q. Shall I be aided by the spirits to enable me to succeed? A. "Yes."

Q. Shall I devote the remainder of my life to this mission? A. "Yes."

Q. Shall I hold a public meeting to announce to the world these proceedings, or shall they be made known through the British Parliament? A. "Through the British Parliament."

Q. Shall I also apply for an investigation of this subject to the Congress of the United States? A. "Yes."

Q. Through the present American ambassador? A. "Yes."

Q. When shall I next hear from my family in America? A. "Next week." This answer has proved to be correct.

At another sitting, soon after its commencement, Mr. Smith, Editor of the "Family Herald," and a gentleman unknown to me, came in, and I was about to desist in my inquiries and to leave them; but Mr. Smith, whom I had long known, was very urgent that I should proceed in asking the questions I intended, and I therefore proceeded.

Previous to their entrance, on its being announced that a spirit was present, I had asked—

Q. What spirit is present? A. By the Alphabet, "Benjamin Franklin."

Q. How shall I know you from other spirits, or that you are truly the spirit of Benjamin Franklin? A. "I will give three distinct raps." And three very distinct raps were given.

Q. Is it true that conditions can be created, through man's agency, by which all may be made to become good, wise, and happy? A. "Yes."

Q. Are the conditions which I have had so long in my mind for this purpose, those which

are the best calculated to make all good, wise and happy? A. "Yes."

Q. What spirit, or spirits, can and will assist and advise me in accomplishing this change? A. "All will."

At this period of the sitting, as I found Mr. Smith could hear the raps more easily than I could, I gave him the pencil, and requested he would take down the answers. And the following are copied from his notes.

Q. Have I, as has been said, some particular guardian angels? A. "Yes."

Q. Will you name them by the Alphabet? A. "Mary Owen," "Anne Caroline Owen" (my daughters deceased); "Robert Owen" (my father's name); "Anne Williams" (my mother's maiden name).

Q. Have I been assisted in my writings for the public by any particular spirit? A. "Yes"

Q. What spirit? A. "God."

[This reply was made in such a manner as to create a peculiarly awful impression on those present.]

Q. Shall I continue to be assisted by the same spirit? A. "Yes."

Space will not admit of more in this number; but I have had twelve or thirteen other sittings, and some of them of deep interest; especially with the declared spirit of His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent and Strathearn. But he has requested me not to publish his communications until a time which he will state to me.

ROBERT OWEN.

London, 5th April, 1853.

*Browne's Ascent of Mont Blanc.**

This large paper-bound folio is the work of Mr. J. D. H. Browne, one of the gentlemen who achieved last summer the most recent ascent of Mont Blanc. It is a curiosity, and an interesting one. The designs are not mere reminiscences, but are completed from sketches made on the spot; the author having enjoyed exemption to an unusual degree from the knocking-up effects of the adventure. Here we follow the two Englishmen and their nine guides in their ladder-ascent of the glaciers before the Grands Mulets; their encampment on the Grands Mulets; their searching for the passage of the Crevasse du Dôme, by lantern-light amid fathomless precipices, ghost-white glaciers, and black night; their perilous crossing of the crevasse; their breakfast on the Grand Plateau, within view of the summit; the first use of the axe in hewing away the higher ice; the view of the Italian side of the mountain; the scaling of la Côte; the final rest upon the loftiest peak of Mont Blanc; and the stumbling, slipping, precipitating descent. Spite of some artistic deficiencies, the designs are characteristic and life-like; and the verbal narrative is graphic enough to atone for occasional flightiness. — *Spectator*.

* Ten Scenes of the last Ascent of Mont Blanc, including Five Views from the Summit. Published by M'Lean.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE DEAD, AS DESCRIBED BY HOMER :

COLLECTED FROM DR. JORTIN'S SIXTH DISSERTATION. WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE SEVERAL PASSAGES.

THE subject of the condition of the human soul after death forms with us a part of the domain of religion; and it is very rarely that theology permits the intrusion of poetry within the limits which she calls her own. Among the Greeks, the poets were the oldest and most accepted theologians. It was the opinion of Herodotus, that the objects of Greek worship owed their forms and their very names to Homer and Hesiod. "These were they (he says) who made the Greeks a theogony, and gave names to the gods, distinguished their honors and occupations, and determined their forms."* The state of the disembodied spirit in that future world to which mankind instinctively looks forward, though with shrinking and half-averted gaze, was a subject which could not but exercise a mysterious influence upon the imagination of men who were looked upon not only as poets but as seers, and upon whose rhapsodies their countrymen depended for all their notions upon the most mysterious and important matters. The subject was an attractive one, not only as presenting a wide and suggestive field to the imagination, but also as involving questions in the solution of which every human being was personally and vitally interested. In what way did the Greek poets satisfy the cravings of their countrymen for information concerning the spiritual world? We have thought it would not be uninteresting, taking Dr. Jortin's Dissertation for our text, to collect some passages from ancient writers upon this topic.

I.

The Soul of Man, separated from the body, is material, or clothed with a material covering or vehicle, but of so thin a texture that it cannot be felt or handled; it resembles a shadow or a dream. — (Dissert., p. 216.)

This was the ancient Pythagorean and Platonic philosophy: τὸν ἡμέτερον ψυχὴν τὸς μὲν σῶμα καταλείβειν, οὐ πάντα δὲ ἔξω σῶματος ἵστασθαι — our soul, though it leave this body, yet shall never be disunited from all body. (See Cudworth's *Intell. System*, ii. 784.) This future body was supposed to be a sort of airy or vaporous body, σῶμα αἰθέριον, αἰθέριον, αἰθήρ, a luciform, celestial, ethereal body. The Rabbins also ascribe to the soul, after its separation from the present body, another subtle one, which they call the *scabbard of the soul*. This is all agreeable to the Christian doctrine. St. Paul says, there is the σῶμα ψυχικόν, a

* Herodotus, ii. 53.

natural or animal body, and the σῶμα πνευματικόν, a spiritual body; (1 Cor. xv.) and the same thing is implied in other passages of Scripture. (See Dan. xii. 23. Wisdom, iii. 7.)

II.

It retains the lineaments of the man, and appears in the same dress that the man wore in his lifetime. — (Dissert., p. 217.)

In proof of this Dr. Jortin cites a passage from the eleventh *Odyssey*, but there is one in the twenty-third *Iliad* singularly apposite.

Ἥλθε δὲ ἐνὶ ψυχῇ Πατρόκλῳς δολαῖο
Πλὺτ' αὐτῷ, κ. τ. λ. — (Line 65.)

When, lo! the shade, before his closing eyes,
Of sad Patroclus rose, or seemed to rise;
In the same robe he living wore he came,
In stature, voice, and pleasing look the same.
(Pope.)

Jeremias is described when he appeared to *Judas* as "a man with gray hairs and excellent majesty." (2 *Maccab.* xv. 13.) The belief has been universal; so the ghost in "Hamlet."

MARCELLUS.

Look where it comes again.

BERNARDO.

In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

HORATIO.

Such was the very armor he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frowned he once. . . .

And of his beard,

It was as I have seen it in his lifetime,
A sable, silvered.

It is obvious to observe that a spirit's assuming the likeness of its former bodily shape seems a necessary consequence of its appearing at all.

III.

It retains the passions, affections, sentiments, and dispositions that it had in the body. — (Dissert., p. 218.)

There is a fine passage in the eleventh *Odyssey* illustrative of the above, where the shade of Achilles exults on hearing of his son's military glory,

— ψυχὴ δὲ
Φόβῳ, μακρὴν βίβισσα, κατ' ἀσπεράδην λαίμαργον,
Γῆθοσύνην, ὃ εἰ νῦν ἴκῃ ἀγριότατον ἦεναι.
(L. 537.)

— The shade with transport glowed,
Rose in his majesty and nobler trod. — (Pope.)

That the same affections and sentiments are continued in another state, was taught by our Saviour in the story of *Dives and Lazarus*;

for, although it should only be regarded as a parable, it still necessarily shadowed forth the true state of things.

IV.

Although it cannot be handled, it may be seen and heard, and it can converse with other shades and with men. — (Dissert., p. 218.)

The spirit, however, could only reappear during the interval between death and the rites of sepulture, in the hundred years in which the unburied wandered on the banks of the Styx. Thus Patroclus,

Θάπτε με ὅττι τάχιστα Πύλας ὤψας παρῶσα.
Τηλὲ με εἰργασίη ψυχῆ. x. τ. λ.

(Il. xxiii. 71.)

Which Pope translates, somewhat paraphrastically,

Let my pale corse the rites of burial know ;
And give me entrance to the realms below ;
Till then the spirit finds no resting place ;
But here and there th' unburied spectres chase
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Fated to cross th' irremovable flood,
Now give thy hand ; for to the farther shore
When once we pass the soul returns no more.
When once the last funeral flames ascend,
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend.

V.

It may be raised with proper sacrifices and evocations, by permission of the deities who preside over the dead. But it is a dangerous thing to have recourse to these methods ; for, if those early gods should be offended, they may send a Gorgon, a formidable monster, to terrify and perhaps destroy the bold adventurer. — (Dissert., p. 218.)

The subject of necromancy is curious. It was practised before the time of Moses ; for one of his laws is directed against it. *There shall not be found among you — a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer.* (Deut. xviii. 10.) Diodorus Siculus mentions an oracle near Lake Avernus, where the dead were raised, as having been in existence before the age of Hercules. (Liv. iv. c. 22.) Plutarch, in his life of *Cimon*, relates that Pausanias, in his distress, applied to the Psychagogi or Dead-evokers, at Heraclea, to call up the spirit of *Cleonice* (whose injured apparition haunted him incessantly), in order that he might entreat her forgiveness. She appeared accordingly, and informed him that, on his return to Sparta, he would be delivered from all his sorrows ; meaning by death. This was five hundred years before Christ ; and the story resembles that of the apparition of Samuel — *To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me.* (1 Sam. xxxviii.) The appear-

ance of Samuel was regarded as a real transaction by the author of Ecclesiasticus, for he says, "By his faithfulness he was found a true prophet, and by his word he was known to be faithful in vision ; for after his death he showed the king his end, and lift up his voice from the earth in prophecy." (Eccles. xlii.) The Rabbins say that the woman was the mother of Abner ; she is said to have had the spirit of *Ob*, which, Dean Milman has remarked, is singularly similar in sound to the name of the *Obeah* women in the West Indies. Herodotus also mentions *Thesprotia*, in Epirus, as the place where Periander evoked the spirit of his wife Melissa, whom he had murdered (Lib. v. c. 92.)

It was a very general opinion that demons had power over the souls of the dead, until Christ descended into Hades, and delivered them from the thrall of the Prince of Darkness. The dead were sometimes raised by those who did not possess a familiar spirit. These consultants repaired to the grave at night, and there lying down repeated certain words in a low, muttering tone, and the spirit thus summoned appeared : "And thou shalt be brought down, and shalt speak out of the ground, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be as one that hath a familiar spirit, out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust." (Isaiah xxix. 4. See also Id. viii. 19.) *Euripides* refers also to necromancy.

ADMETUS.

ὄζα γὰρ μὲν τι φέσμεν νεκρίων τὸς ἦ ;

HERCULES.

οὐ ψυχῶν ἁπλῶς τόνδ' ἐποικίτω ζῆνον.

(Alcestis, 1127.)

AD. — See ! is not this some spectre from the dead ?

HER. — No dead-invoker for thy guest hast thou.

Seneca describes the spirits of the dead as being evoked by the Psychagogos in a cave, rendered gloomy and as dark as night by the cypress, laurel, and other like trees. (Ced. Act iii. 530.) The passage will recall to the recollection the incantation scene in "Macbeth," where the apparition of the armed head, &c. is evoked in a dark cave, with characteristic ceremonies. (Act iv. sc. 1.) *Claudian* refers to the same superstition, (See *Rufin*. i. 155.) And *Lucan* (Phars. vi. 670), where *Ericho* recalls a spirit to animate the body it had left, by horrid ceremonies, much in accordance with the taste of that writer. So *Tibullus*,

Hæc cantu finditque solum, manesque sepulchris
Elicit, et tepido devocat ossa toro.

(Lib. i., El. ii. 45.)

A good account of necromancy may be found in the learned and curious work of L. Ch. Frid. Garmannus, "*De Miraculis Mortuorum*;" see the tenth chapter of the Second Book, which treats *De Spectris Cadaverum*. He also speaks of another kind of invocation, that of calling back to their own country the souls of those who died abroad. He says that the dead were also sometimes invoked, that the surviving relatives might be assured of their still living in the other world. *Julian the Apostate* secretly practised this art, in a retired part of his palace, cutting up for the purpose the bodies of virgins and boys — if we may credit two Christian bishops (Gregory Nazianzen and Chrysostom), who, we are told, could relate such tales "without a smile, and without a blush." *Bodinus* mentions similar ceremonies. (See *De Magorum Dæmonomania*, Lib. ii., c. ii. iii.) Evocation was practised by the northern nations, as may be seen in Gray's translation of the Ode from the Norse tongue, preserved in the Latin version by *Bartholinus*, entitled "The descent of Odin," that is, to the drear abode of *Helas*, the goddess of death. The answers of the prophetic maid are with difficulty extorted from her.

FATIDICA.

Quisnam Hominum
Mibi ignotorum
Mibi facere præsumit
Tristem animum?

Invita hæc dixi,
Jamque silebo.

And in the poem from the *Hervara Saga*, published by Olaus Verelius, *Hervor* calls up by enchantments the apparition of her father Angantyr —

Hervor ! daughter !
Full of spells to raise the dead,
Why dost thou call me thus ?
(MS. translation.)

He then predicts her future fate. The apparition of Samuel complains also. *Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up ?* The Druids claimed the same power; and *Picart*, on the religion of the Banians, states that the Tunquinese believe their witches maintain a correspondence with the evil spirit, and have a perfect knowledge of the state of the soul in the other world; and that they evoke the spirit with the sound of drums, which appears, and gives the answers demanded. (*Relig. Ceremon.*, vol. ii. 108.)

With respect to the danger attending the raising of the dead, as noticed by Dr. Jortin, lest a formidable monster should be sent to terrify or destroy the adventurer, the superstition seems alluded to by Shakespeare, in "*Hamlet*."

HORAT.

What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my Lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness. (Act 1, sc. 4.)

Constantine, by one of his laws, made penal such magic arts as were calculated to injure others, but permitted those which might be beneficial. In James the First's time persons practising magic were hanged.

VI.

The ghost likes to approach the sacrifices, and drink of the blood of the victims. — (*Dissert.*, p. 220.)

Porphyry, who wrote in the early part of the third century, speaking of dæmons, says, οὔτοι ὁ χαίροντες λιθὶ τι, κίστην τε δὲ ὧν αὐτῶν τὸ σωματικὸν καὶ πνευματικὸν περικύβηται: ἤν' ἡνὶ τοῦτο ἰσχυροῖς καὶ ἀναθυμιάμασι. *These are they who take pleasure in incense, fumes, and nidours of sacrifices, wherewith their corporeal and spiritual part is fattened.* Celsus and St. Basil mention the same thing. (See Cudworth, vol. ii., p. 810, 811.) Milton has an allusion to this,

—— the night-hag, when called
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured by the smell of infants' blood, to dance
With Lapland witches. (P. L.)

Garmannus observes that the Egyptian hieroglyphic for the soul was a hawk, because it never drinks water, but only blood, with which the Egyptians believed the spirits of the departed were nourished. (Lib. ii., Tit. x. c. 60, 61.) It appears from Homer also that before the spirit tasted the sacrificial blood, it had no recollection of its former life; and sometimes did not speak, or possess the prophetic power. *Tiresias* says to *Ulysses*,

ἄλλ' ἀποχύσεις βέβηρον ὕπισχε δὲ φ' ὅταν οὖρ ὄξῃ,
αἵματος ὄρεα πίω, καὶ τοὶ θυμῶντι εἴπα.
(Od. xi. 94.)

Remove from the foss, and sheathe your sharp sword, that I may quaff the blood, and utter true words. The sense of which passage, it may be observed, is entirely lost in Pope's translation. As soon as *Ulysses* obeyed, the ghost,

—— πῖναι αἶμα καλαινόν,
καὶ τότε δὲ μ' ἔνισσεν προσέειπα μάντις ἁβύμω.
(Ib.)

Eager he quaffed the gore, and then expressed
Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast.
(Pope.)

It was for this reason that the shade of his mother stood in silence before him, without

even looking at or speaking to him; but as soon as she had drank the blood she immediately recognized him, informed him of what had occurred at her death, and of many things relating to his family. This, however, would seem to be confined chiefly to the dead in Homer; for when the apparition of Darius was called up by Atossa, there was no sacrifice, and the libations consisted only of honey, milk, flowers, &c., yet the spirit, immediately on its appearance, recognized his wife and the attendant Persians, and addressed them. (See the Persæ of Æschylus, l. 677.)

VII.

It is afraid of a drawn sword, and will not approach the man who threatens it. — (Dissert., p. 220.)

This fear is very consistent with the notion entertained by the ancients, that the departed spirit retained a material body. Hence the ghosts of the Greek chiefs and Macedonian phalanx fled at the sight of Æneas and his glittering weapons. (Æn. vi. 490.) When Marcellus, in "Hamlet," inquires whether he shall strike the ghost with his partisan, Shakspeare makes him add immediately,

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
(Act. I, sc. i.)

VIII.

It glides along like a shadow, and moves or flies with the utmost rapidity, and when the man dies, and it departs from the body, it soon gets to the region of the dead. — (Dissert., p. 220.)

This too is in accordance with the Scripture doctrine: "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." (Luke xxiii. 43.)

IX.

When a man dies, the soul quits the beloved body with much reluctance. — (Dissert., p. 220.)

Which is alluded to by Dryden in a fine passage on the death of Charles II.

God's image, God's anointed, lay
Without a motion, pulse, or breath,
A senseless lump of sacred clay,
An image now of death.
An iron slumber sat on his majestic eyes.

Once more the fleeting soul came back
To inspire the mortal frame;
And in the body took a doubtful stand,
Doubtful and hovering, like expiring flame
That mounts and falls by turns and trembles
O'er the brand.

(Threnod. August.)

X.

It cannot enter *Aides* till the body be buried, or funeral rites have been performed in honor to

it, but roves about at the gates, in a restless condition. — (Dissert., p. 221.)

Long before the time of Homer the being deprived of sepulture was regarded as the greatest misfortune. The author of Ecclesiastes says that *an untimely birth* (meaning never to have been born) is better for a man than to have no burial. (c. vi. 3.) And among the instances recorded of *Tobit's* devotion, one is, that if he saw any of his kindred dead, or cast about the walls of Nineveh, he buried them. (c. i. 17.) And when he confesses his fear of death, he adds this reason, "lest I should bring my father's and my mother's life, because of me, to the grave with sorrow: for they have no other son to bury them." (vi. 14.)

XI.

The account which Homer gives of Hercules, amongst the dead, is remarkable. Ulysses converses, not with him, but with his *image* or *shade*. — (Dissert., p. 222.)

Dr. Jortin adds, "it does not appear that Homer thought other men to consist, like him, of the *σῶμα*, *ψυχὴ*, and *εἶδωλον*, but that in them the *ψυχὴ* and *εἶδωλον* were the same;" yet Achilles, in the twenty-third Iliad, says,

ὦ πόποι, ἦ τίς τις ἵστί καὶ εἴς τις αἶδω δέ μοι
ψυχὴ καὶ εἶδωλον, ὅτις φέρεις οὐκ οἶς πύμπαν.
(L. 103.)

As heaven attests, there is then in the mansions of the dead the SPIRIT, and its IMAGE, but the INTELLECTUAL PART of man is not with it. It must be observed again that nothing of this is expressed in Pope's translation. Plutarch says, that the *εἶδωλον*, or intellectual part of man, is a part of the *ψυχὴ* or soul, but superior to it, and separable from it. He makes the living man consist of three parts, *σῶμα*, *ψυχὴ*, *εἶδωλον*; that, by the first death, he becomes two out of three, viz., *ψυχὴ* and *εἶδωλον*; and by the second death, he becomes one out of two, viz., *εἶδωλον*. The *εἶδωλον* or image of Iphthima was raised by Minerva, even during her lifetime. (Od. iv. 795.) And Ulysses feared that Persephone had sent the mere *image* of his mother to delude and distress him. (Od. xi. 212.) This *εἶδωλον*, or spectral appearance, seems to resemble the *wraith* of the Scottish superstition, which is believed to be sometimes the messenger of good and sometimes the presager of death. Apollo raised the *image* of Æneas' dead body to deceive the Greeks (Il. v. 449); and a belief is still prevalent in the west of England that, as an omen of death, an individual will sometimes see the spectral appearance of his own corpse.

XII.

The shades form themselves into little socie-

ties, and keep company with their countrymen, friends and acquaintances. — (Dissert., p. 223.)

So the ghosts of the departed monarchs of the earth are described as being assembled together in the realms of death, and as rising up from their thrones to receive the King of Babylon; to receive and insult him: "Art thou become like unto us? Is thy pride brought down to the grave? Is the vermin become thy couch, and the earth-worm thy covering? How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" (Is. xix. 10. Bp. Lowth.)

XIII.

This earth which we inhabit is a wide-extended plain, all hollow underneath, and there is Aïdes, or the region of the dead. — (Dissert., p. 224.)

Bishop Horsley held the opinion that the place of the dead, in the intermediate state between death and the resurrection, was in the hollow of the earth. (See a remarkable sermon of his on the subject, from 1 Pet. iii. 18, 19, 20.)

XIV.

Aïdes, or the region of the dead, is represented by Homer, as a gloomy, melancholy place where there is no joy and contentment, and where even the heroes are disconsolate, and out of humor with their condition. — (Dissert., p. 231.)

It is so represented by Job: *Before I go whence I shall not return, to the land of darkness, and the shadow of death; — where the light is darkness.* (ch. x. 21, 22.)

XV.

As deep beneath these mansions as the earth is beneath the heavens, lies Tartarus, where Saturn, Japetus, and other ancient gods are confined, and never see the cheerful light of the sun, or feel the refreshing breezes of the air. — (Dissert., p. 225.)

Homer's idea of Tartarus is said to have been derived from the Egyptians, who are supposed to have possessed by tradition a knowledge of the fall of the angels, and the punishment of the condemned.

XVI.

They who are punished there, as Tantalus, Tityus, Sisyphus, are persons who had been guilty of particular impieties against the gods. — (Dissert., p. 229.)

XVII.

There is only one crime specified in Homer for which men would be punished hereafter, and that crime is perjury. — (Dissert., p. 230.)

XVIII.

The office of punishing perjury is given to the Furies. — (Dissert., p. 230.)

XIX.

In Homer we find punishments expressly threatened only to the perjured, and indirectly to the wicked, and rewards promised to none; unless, perhaps, by way of inference, we should allow to his virtuous shades the poor negative rewards of not being tormented with Tantalus and Tityus. — (Dissert., p. 236.)

By the Mosaic Law the sin of wilful perjury was not to be expiated by sacrifice (Lev. v. 1), *he shall bear his punishment*, being so understood.

XX.

They, (the gods) can at pleasure assume an human shape and body, and then they can eat and drink like human creatures, and perform *ta apqodima*. — (Dissert., p. 235.)

The heavenly messengers that appeared to Abraham, eat in his presence (Gen. xviii. 8), but the angel refused the kid offered by Manoah (Judges xiii. 15, 16); and the angel that appeared to Tobit, reminded him, *All these days did I appear unto you; but I did neither eat nor drink.* (ch. xii. 19.)

Ovid makes Jupiter say,

Contigerat nostras infamia temporis aures;
Quam cupiens falsam, summo delabor Olympo,
Et Deus humanâ lustrò sub imagine terras.

Met. i. 211.

The wickedness of the age has reached me; in the hope that it may be untrue, I will descend from Olympus, and although a god, will traverse the earth under the human form; which, it has been observed, is very like the circumstance recorded in Genesis. "Because their sin is very grievous; I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it which has come unto me." (ch. xviii. 20, 21.) The Egyptians believed that the gods assumed the form of men. (Diod. Siculus, Lib. i. c. 12.) In the Odyssey, Minerva descends no less than nine times under different forms; *seven under the human form, once as an eagle, and once as light.* Plato reprobates the superstition, and on this account passes a severe censure on Homer. Homer, however, described theology, in all likelihood, very much as he found it, and exhibits therefore the opinions which were common in Greece and the neighboring nations at that early period; these opinions were probably derived from still more ancient nations, and originated possibly in corrupt tradition from the histories of the Old Testament. The gods of Homer resemble mankind in their passions and feelings, and certainly to a gross excess; but still, it may be remarked, that in every religion under heaven, even the Christian, mankind, in forming their idea of the Deity, are very prone to transfer to him their own peculiar passions, and ascribe to Him such attributes as are in sympathy with their own dis-

positions; and which are grounded, therefore, it may be presumed, in many cases, rather on the character of the individual than on reason and religion. Persons of a tender and compassionate temper dwell chiefly on the mercy and benevolence of God; those of a sterner nature, on his inflexible justice, and consequent severity: the latter attach themselves to Calvinism, the former class with Arminians. Men of a philosophic turn and disciplined habits of thought, look upon purity of heart and the exercise of moral virtue as what can alone be acceptable to a perfect Being. Those of an uninformed and contracted mind think to merit His approbation and conciliate His favor by fervid expressions of homage, and the punctilious observance of ceremonies and form. National character will be found always to exert its influence on national religions. The Northern Indians, it has been observed, whose lives, from habit and necessity, are devoted to activity and fortitude believe their gods to be characterized by precisely the same qualities; while the *Siamese*, whose hot climate and despotic government induce the idea that happiness consists in ease and safety, believe the Supreme Being to live forever in a state of indolence and security.

In Homer every quality and attribute of man is represented by a deity, implying that the godhead is everywhere present: all is conceived in the spirit of poetry and wisdom; and even in those parts which appear least rational, there are shadowed forth many mysteries of natural and religious philosophy. *Diodorus* remarks that Homer obtained his learning and theology from Egypt. Mr. How-ell, in his "Interesting Historical Events," refers the Egyptian philosophy to the doctrines of the *Shastah*; and whatever age may be assigned to *Zoroaster* and the Magian doctrines, there can be no doubt of their very great antiquity: according to *Aristotle*, as quoted by *Bryant*, the Magi were prior to the Egyptians. (Anc. Myth. ii. 390.) It is therefore no matter of surprise that there should be so many resemblances between the notions of the Hebrews, and those of Homer and the Greeks.

With respect to the gross superstition noticed in the above passage by Dr. Jortin, this may also be traced to the earliest history of mankind. It was spoken of in the apocryphal book of *Enoch*, and possibly originated in the misinterpreted passage in *Genesis* (vi. 2). The Rabbins held that when Adam was expelled from Paradise, he continued a hundred and thirty years under excommunication, and during that time maintained an intercourse with female angels, and thence originated demons. *Augustine* speaks of the sin alluded to as being so well known that no rational person would deny it. The belief in such in-

tercourse was prevalent in Europe in the middle ages; which is apparent in the fabliaux of the *Troubadours*. *Guy de Lusignan* is related to have had several children by *Melusina*, the elf; and it was generally credited in Scotland that *Geoffrey Plantagenet*, the ancestor of the English sovereigns, had married a demon. (See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, ii. 183.) *Shakspeare* alludes to the superstition in his "Tempest," in which *Prospero* addresses *Caliban*:

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam.

The foul witch *Sycorax*, who, with age and envy,
Had grown into a hoop,
The blere-eyed hag was hither brought with child.

Meyer, the historian of Flanders, relates that in 1459 many persons of both sexes were condemned for this offence on THEIR OWN CONFESSION, and burnt at *Artois*; and *Bodin*, who was chief justice in eyre, wrote his work on *Dæmonomania* in consequence of having had to try a female named *Harvillieria* of *Compeign* for the same thing. The poor being at last confessed that she had permitted such intercourse from an early age; and her enlightened judges debated the question whether she should be burnt alive, or in mercy strangled first; the burning her alive was ultimately determined on, and the sentence carried into execution on the third of April, 1578. The confession she made before and after her condemnation sufficiently betrays the real cause of her calamities, and which, no doubt, in this and most other instances, arose from that "heaviest of human afflictions," the frequent and the natural result of superstition. (See *Bodinus De Magorum Dæmonomania*, prief.; and also *Lib. ii. c. 8.*)

XXI.

The Elysian fields were situated beyond the sea, and bounded by the sea, and separated from the earth in which others dwell. But we are not told who were the inhabitants of these happy regions; only we find that they were men and not ghosts. — (*Dissert.*, p. 289.)

XXII.

Homer hath not affirmed directly, and in so many words, that the soul is immortal; but this doctrine seems manifestly deducible from his system and connected with it. — (*Dissert.*, p. 245.)

Hercules is described by Homer as being in heaven and united to *Hebe*. (*Od. xi. 603.*) Perhaps the moral of the fable was intended to show that his soul possessed immortal youth.

Although it did not fall within Dr. Jortin's plan to enter upon the subject, it may be also

collected from Homer that *dæmons* attend upon mankind to seduce them to evil, and involve them in sufferings. When Ulysses returned to the isle of *Æolus*, he was asked,

Πῶς ἄλδεις, Ὀδυσσεύ; τίς τει κακὸς ἔχρει δαίμων.
(Od. x. 64.)

— What *dæmon* could'st thou meet
To thwart thy passage, and repel thy feet?
(Pope.)

And, in excuse for Helen, Menelaus says,

ἄλδεις ἔπειτα σὺ κεῖσθ' αἰλουσίμηναι δέ σ' ἤμαλλεν
δαίμων ὅς Τρώεσσι βόλυντο κούρην ὀρέξαι.
(Od. iv. 275.)

Some *dæmon*, anxious for the Trojan doom,
Urged you with great Deiphobus to come.
(Pope.)

In the *Aulularia* of Plautus, Lyconides pleads the same influence in excuse for having seduced the daughter of Euclio,

Deus impulsor mihi fuit; is me ad illam illexit.
(Line 691.)

The doctrine is also taught in the Scriptures: evil spirits were sent among the Egyptians. "He cast upon them the fierceness of his anger, wrath, &c., by sending evil angels among them." (Ps. lxxviii. 49.) See also the Book of Wisdom, xvii. 3, 4.

The *Siamese* impute many of their diseases to the influence of evil spirits. (Picart's Relig. Ceremon.) So the sick father in the *Odyssey*,

— κίτται κρατὶρ' ἀλγέα πύσσω,
δρόν τε καί μιν, στύλιν δέ ἡ ἔχρει δαίμων.
(Lib. v. 395.)

Which is very similar to the passage in St. Luke's Gospel, of the sick woman "Whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years." (Luke xiii. 16.)

It was no doubt through the agency of evil spirits that it was believed persons had the power to curse armies and individuals. When Aterus, the tribune, could not prevent Crassus from leaving Rome, being about to attack the Parthians, as a last resource he ran before the gate of the city, and placing a censer there with fire in it he sprinkled incense, and offered libations, and as Crassus approached uttered the most fearful imprecations. (Plutarch, *Crass.* 19.) Thus Balaam prepared sacrifices previous to his cursing the Israelites. (Numbers xxii.)

In Lesinsky's Voyage round the World there is an account of a religious sect in the Sandwich Islands, who arrogate the power of praying people to death. The sufferer receives notice when the litany of death is about to commence, and such is the power of imagination that it seldom fails, it is said, of producing the effect.

Animals had the power of perceiving the presence of inhabitants of the other world. When Minerva assumed the form of a beautiful matron, the dogs of Eumæus forbore to bark, and retreated whining. (Od. xvi. 157.) Dogs are still believed to detect the presence of death before he is manifest to others, a superstition which may have originated in the above.

Sometimes the eyes of man were opened so that they could see spiritual agents.

Ἀλλὰ δ' αὖ τει ἀπ' ἐπαλαμῶν ἔλουν, ἡ πρὶν ἰπῶν,
Ὀφρ' ὦ γινώσκας ἡμῶν βυθὸν ὅδ' ἐπὶ ἀνδρῶν.
(Il. v. 127.)

Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thine eyes,
And set to view the warring deities. (Pope.)

So the eyes of the young man were opened by Elisha: "And Elisha prayed—and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." (2 Kings vi. 17.) C.

NICKNAMES.

THE *Débats* has had an agreeable article on the nicknames given by the Americans to their great men. Some of these names are even more graphic and descriptive in French than in English. *Dan-le-Noir* is a little softer than Black Dan, which, I think, needed softening. *Le Divin* is hardly equal to the Godlike, and *Le Grand Explicateur* is certainly inferior to the Great Expounder—just as explaining is subordinate to expounding. *Le Garçon de Charrette* is a fair rendering of the Wagon Boy, and Mr. Corwin may be as proud of one as the other. Old Rough and Ready is translated by *Vieux Rude et Pret-a-tout*. This is energetic and suggestive, but has the misfortune to resemble the slang sobriquets of the Paris desperadoes and of the more flashy swell-mob. Van Buren is to be known in France as *Le Petit Sorcier*, which is as good as the original. Benton is Frenchified into *Vieux Lingot*. I frankly confess I cannot put this back again into any English which strikes me as the true original. I never heard Benton called Old Ingot in my life. That is what you get by staying away from home. You do not recognize your countrymen when you hear them called by name. Old Ingot, Old Junk of Gold, Old Bullion; none of these affect me like old acquaintances. Scott's immortal hasty plate of soup is so disfigured that it means quite another thing. It is rendered by *Vite, une assiette-de-soup*: Quick! a plate of soup here—as if the general was calling to the sutler for his dinner on a drum-head, in the midst of a raking fire. The *Débats* states, indeed, that this is the meaning—"descriptive of a battle, interrupted by an improvised repast." The French are not particularly good at nicknames. The Little Corporal is perhaps their triumph in this line of invention.—*Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.*

From Chambers' Journal.

LAMARTINE'S HISTORICAL WORK.

THE *History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France*, just completed, may be called Lamartine's greatest work;* we should be glad to learn, that it has also been the most successful. As an account of the transactions which closed the Bonaparte war, and placed the Bourbons on the throne of France, it has to drag its way through numberless party intrigues and squabbles, and to discuss various measures of state policy; yet, like its lively and fascinating writer, it is never dull, and may, for the most part, be read as pleasantly as a romance. The work, however, has other merits. While undoubtedly rhetorical, Lamartine is candid and impartial. Sometimes he falls into error; but it is chiefly in details. As a Frenchman, his observations on England and Englishmen are surprisingly correct. His own countrymen have the most reason to blush under his strictures.

Originally a legitimist, and now a republican, Lamartine is prepared to be strictly impartial towards Bonaparte. Rising above the illusions which obscure the understanding of so many, he speaks of the great Napoleon exactly as he deserves—an ambitious and selfish man, who caused the death of millions of human beings to promote what he called the glory of France, but which was, in reality, the glory only of the army, with himself at its head. Beyond this barren bequest, Napoleon left little but his name; yet, as he at least did not retrograde into antiquated imbecilities, or conduct his administration through palace intrigues, he has in late times been identified with liberalism and progress. A perusal of M. Lamartine's amusing work will, we think, satisfy the most sceptical, that the permanent reign of the Bourbons was an impossibility. The fault was less in the family itself than in its immediate followers. From the day that Louis XVIII. arrived at the Tuileries, all the affairs of the government were managed or deranged by courtiers, as the case might be. The best intentions of the king were continually upset by coteries of meddlesome old ladies and gentlemen, secretly working for some rival interest. One can see that, with the form of a constitution under the charter, no party knew what a constitution was. In Great Britain ministers hold their place in virtue of possessing parliamentary majorities; and the consequence is, that court intrigue, to install this or that officer of the crown, is totally unknown. In France, under the Bourbons, this great and safe principle was reversed. All was made to depend on court manoeuvre. Lamartine gives an account of the strange and underhand means adopted to

remove M. Decazes from the confidence of Louis XVIII. This most able minister, sagacious, moderate, and practical, had the misfortune not to be of noble birth, and the whole influence of the old royalists was accordingly employed to ruin him. Princes and priests, decayed noblemen and titled ladies, conspired to destroy his fame by the most unscrupulous calumnies. Every plan failing in its aim, a plot was at length devised to sap the king's confidence in the favorite. It consisted in employing a lady of beauty and accomplishments to ingratiate herself with the king; and having done so, she was gradually to whisper malignant untruths into the royal ear. This base scheme was partially successful in its operation; but what really ruined Decazes, was the industriously-circulated and greedily-believed falsehood, that he was concerned in the assassination of the unfortunate Duke de Berry. The account of this sad tragedy may be taken as a specimen of the work before us.

For a number of years, a fanatic named Louvel, by trade a working-saddler, had meditated the murder of the Bourbons, by killing them off one by one, as circumstances favored the enterprise. With this terrible crime constantly before him, he purchased two daggers, and frequently left his employment to wait for his victims. At balls, operas, hunting-parties, did this man, for years, lurk about in the expectation of getting near a Bourbon—the king, Count d'Artois, Duke d'Angoulême, Duke de Berry—it was all the same which. No one knew his intentions.

"In the mean time, the Duke and Duchess de Berry, solely occupied with their happiness, and strangers to all political factions, gave themselves up, with all the eagerness of their youth and natural dispositions, to the pleasures and fêtes which the carnival multiplied, during the last days of the theatrical season at Paris. Beloved and popular amidst that world of art, of music and the dance, which prolongs the opera-nights till day, they delighted in the enjoyments of this popularity. On the 13th February (1820), they purposed going to the Royal Theatre, where they had not been for some days before. Being both eager and curious in pursuit of amusements, it might be supposed that they would not allow this festive season to pass without making their appearance there. While they were enjoying the prospect of the evening's pleasure, and were occupied with their toilet and with the costumes for the night, the assassin, who watched their door, and almost read their very thoughts, conjectured on his part that the attraction of pleasure was about to deliver his prey into his hands."

He had already, for two evenings before, been watching the doors of the opera-house, and now he attended to execute his purpose.

In patience he waited the hour when the company should depart.

"Meanwhile the prince and princess, only separated by a wall from the man who was numbering the minutes of their existence, were enjoying in their box, without any presentiment of evil, the pleasures of the performance, and of conversation between the acts. The Duke and Duchess of Orleans were present that evening in a neighboring box, with their children. The two families, who were very intimate, owing to the relationship of the two duchesses, saluted each other with smiles of recognition. During an interval between the performances, the Duke and Duchess de Berry paid their cousins a visit in their box. The duke embraced the children, and played with the little Duke de Chartres, who was also doomed to a tragical death in the flower of his age. On passing through the lobby to return to their box, the duchess was struck in the breast by a box-door, which was violently thrown open at the moment she was passing. She was then *enceinte* a few weeks; and fearful that the blow, the fright, and fatigue might be injurious, she expressed a wish to retire before the end of the opera, and the *bal masqué* which was to follow it. The duke rose to conduct her himself to the carriage, intending to return to his box to enjoy the remaining pleasures of the night.

"On the summons of the prince's attendants, the royal carriage drove up to the door. The young duchess, supported on one side by her husband's hand, and on the other by that of her equerry, Count de Mesnard, entered the carriage; the Countess de Béthisy, her lady-in-waiting, following her. 'Adieu!' said her husband smiling to her, 'we shall meet again.' The footmen folded up the steps of the carriage, and the prince turned round to enter the vestibule from the street. At this moment, Louvel, who had approached like an inoffensive spectator, or a servant who was waiting for his master, sprang, with all the vigor of his resolution, between the sentinel who was presenting arms, and the footman who was closing the carriage-door, and, seizing the left shoulder of the Duke de Berry with his left hand, as if to secure his victim under the knife, he struck him with the poniard in the right side, and left the weapon in the wound. The rapidity of the act, the confusion of the bystanders, the uncertain light afforded by the torches, and the staggering of the prince under the blow, prevented the Count de Choiseul and the Count de Mesnard at the moment from discerning the murderous act and gesture of the unknown. He fled unpursued towards the Rue de Richelieu; and, having turned the corner of the street, walked with a careless pace towards the Boulevard.

"The Duke de Berry, struck by an invisi-

ble hand, and thrown by the force of the blow against the Count de Mesnard, had only, as it always happens, felt the shock and not the wound. On recovering himself, he put his hand on the place where he had been struck, and it there fell upon the hilt of a dagger. A horrible light broke in upon him. 'I am assassinated! I am a dead man!' he cried. 'I feel the dagger: that man has killed me!' At this exclamation, the Duchess de Berry, whose carriage had not yet departed, uttered a piercing scream. 'Open the door! open the door!' she cried to the footman, who still had his hand upon it: without waiting for the step to be lowered, she sprang out, and threw her arms round her husband, who had just extracted the poniard, which covered her dress with his blood. They seated the fainting prince upon a bench in the outer hall, where the servants wait for their masters. They tore open his dress, and the blood flowing from the wound, indicated the spot where the blow had been struck, upon the right breast. 'I am killed,' he repeated on recovering his senses; 'send for a priest: come here, my dear wife, that I may die in your arms!'

"During this momentary pause in the vestibule, the sentinel, the footmen, and three gendarmes, horror-struck at the deed, ran in pursuit of the assassin. He had already passed the façade of the opera-house, in the Rue de Richelieu, and had concealed himself in the shadow of an arcade, which runs from this street under the broad arches of the Bibliothèque. A waiter of a café, named Paulnier, there seized him round the body, struggled with him, and, assisted by the sentinel and the gendarmes, brought him back to the place where he had committed the murder. He had nearly fallen a victim to the fury of the spectators, who collared and dragged him towards the vestibule; but the officers of the prince, trembling lest they should destroy with the criminal the secret of the plot of the crime, saved him, and had him conducted to the opera guard-house. M. de Clermont-Lodève followed him there to witness his first examination. They found upon him the second dagger, and the sheath of the one which he had left in the bosom of the prince. M. de Clermont returned with this weapon, and these evidences of the crime, to the vestibule.

"The Duke de Berry was no longer there. He had recovered his senses, and had been removed in the arms of his servants to a small saloon behind his box, where he was surrounded by medical men, who were probing his wound. 'Alas!' said he, on learning the apprehension and name of the criminal, 'what a cruel fate, that I should die by the hand of a Frenchman!' A ray of hope for a moment inspired the princess and the medi-

cal men: he did not, however, partake of it, nor wished he to flatter his wife with an illusion which must only redouble her affliction. 'No,' said he, with a cool, firm, and incredulous tone; 'I will not delude myself; the poniard entered up to the very hilt, I can assure you.' His sight was now becoming dim from failing strength, occasioned by loss of blood, and he felt about for his wife, stretching his arms in all directions. 'Are you there, Caroline?' he demanded. 'Yes,' the princess tenderly replied; 'I am here, and I shall never quit you.' The surgeon of his household, the companion of his exile, shocked at the rumor of the crime, had hastened to the side of the dying prince; and the blood having ceased to flow, he sucked the wound. 'What are you doing, Bougon?' eagerly demanded the dying prince; 'perhaps the poniard was poisoned!'

"His first word had been to ask not for a doctor but a priest. Struck in the very noontide of youth and of pleasure, there had been in his mind no transition between the thoughts of time and the thoughts of eternity. He had passed in one second from the spectacle of a fête to the contemplation of his end, like those men who, by a sudden immersion in cold water, are snatched from the burning delirium of intoxication. The priest came at length; and members of the royal family hurried to the place on learning the dreadful intelligence. Surgeons, the most celebrated in Paris, also attended; but the case was beyond their aid. Life was fast ebbing. His wife did not quit him for a moment. He put his fingers on her head, as if to exhibit one last act of tenderness by caressing her beautiful hair. 'Caroline,' he said to her, 'take care of yourself, for the sake of the child you bear.' This was the first revelation of the birth of a son who escaped the crime, but not the evil fortune of his race. He recommended his servants with tears to his father; and expressed a wish to see his assassin, to demand of him the cause of his hatred, to reproach him for his injustice, and pardon him for his death. 'Who is this man?' he murmured; 'what have I done to him? It is perhaps some person that I have unknowingly offended.' The Count d'Artois assured him that the assassin had no personal animosity against him. 'It must be some maniac, then,' said the duke. 'Ah! that I would live until the king arrives, that he may grant me the pardon of this man! Promise me, father—promise me, brother—promise me all of you, to ask the king to spare this man's life!'

"They all promised him this, to calm the ardor of generosity and pardon which preyed upon his mind. His natural goodness displayed itself at the price of his own blood."

The king apprized of the disaster, arrived

at day-break. "The clattering of the horses of the escort on the pavement of the street made the dying prince start with joy. 'Uncle!' he exclaimed, as soon as he saw the king, 'give me your hand that I may kiss it for the last time!' Louis XVIII. held out his hand, and grasped that of his nephew. 'Uncle,' resumed the prince anxiously, 'I beg of you, as my dying prayer, to spare the life of my assassin!' 'My dear nephew,' replied the king, 'you are not in such danger as you imagine—we will speak of it another time.' 'Ah! you do not consent,' replied the duke, with an accent of doubt and sorrow. 'Oh! say yes, say yes, that I may die in peace. Pardon, pardon for the man!' As the king, however, was silent, or endeavored to divert his nephew's thoughts to other subjects; 'Ah! the pardon of this man,' murmured the duke, with an expression of bitterness upon his lips, 'would at least have consoled me in my last moments! If,' he persisted, 'I could only have the gratification of knowing that this man's blood would not be shed for me after my death!'

"A few moments after, he expired, still articulating in his delirium the ungratified wish of his heart. He died in the act of pardoning; a great soul, obscured in life, shining forth in death; a hero of clemency, having at the first effort accomplished the most difficult and most meritorious act of humanity—that of dying well.

"The deep sobs, which had hitherto been repressed, gushed forth at his last sigh. His wife, in a state of delirium, cut off her hair, as a last token of affection, and laid it upon his body; then wildly cursing the country in which her husband had been murdered, she demanded of the king, in angry accents, permission to retire forever to Sicily. The king knelt down beside the bed, and closed with his own hand the lips and eyelids of the last living hope of his race."

While the Parisians were horror-struck with this unforeseen crime, and lamented it as an irreparable disaster, the ultra-royalists of the palace hailed it as an opportunity of ruining Decazes, by accusing him of being an accomplice of Louvel. With the view of aiding the surgeons in their consultations, Decazes had thought of ascertaining whether the dagger was poisoned, and he accordingly, in an under-tone of voice, asked the question of Louvel. This whisper, reported to the courtiers, was held up as a proof of complicity; and before any inquiry was made, the minister was denounced in the Chamber of Deputies as being an accomplice in the assassination. On the trial, and at the execution of Louvel, the wretched murderer declared that no one had conspired with him, and that the deed was entirely his own. The world at large acknowledged the truth of the declaration; but

not so the court, and, greatly against the will of Louis XVIII., he was under the necessity of dismissing by far the best minister of the Restoration. The whole transaction, as faithfully and graphically detailed by Lamartine — the honest indignation of Decazes, the distress of the king, and the meanness of the Count d'Artois, the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême, and the Duchess of Berry, in pledging themselves to a falsehood — forms one of the most instructive facts in modern history.

From the Spectator.

VON ROCHAU'S WANDERINGS THROUGH THE CITIES OF ITALY.*

LIVELINESS and plenty, with independent common sense, are the characteristics of this tour in Italy. Von Rochau is more French or English than German. He has the vivacity and felicitous expression of the Gaul, without his flippancy or exaggeration; nature or cosmopolitan training has banished the pedantry and phlegm of the Germans. These characteristics, coupled with a large experience and the present state of Italy, have given to his "Wanderings" a freshness and interest hardly to be expected from so thoroughly beaten a field.

The good qualities of the tourist are accompanied, almost of necessity, by corresponding drawbacks: "maxima pars vatum — decipimur specie recti." The author's vivacity sometimes leads him to aim at imparting attraction to subjects of such trifling import as a criticism on a bad opera to which his ill fortune carried him. His independence of judgment and opposition to humbug occasionally lead him into artistic heresy. The Sistine Chapel finds no favor with him, and he boldly records the impressions produced; in which numbers who take a slighter and more superficial view than he avowedly did would probably agree with him if they told the truth; for the art of seeing an old painting, especially when the colors have faded, is a faculty, as Reynolds intimates, of difficult acquirement. Raphael finds less favor in Von Rochau's eyes than Michael Angelo (whose great genius and whose services to art are admitted); but the critic gives reasons for the faith that is in him.

"How, in Heaven's name, does it happen that your artists make so much of Raphael?" I asked, a short time ago, in a state of semi-despair, addressing an Italian painter. "The reason is, that Raphael makes fewer mistakes than any one else," was the answer I received.

* Wanderings through the Cities of Italy in 1850 and 1851. By A. L. Von Rochau. Translated by Mrs. Percy Sinnett. In two volumes. Published by Bentley.

At these words a sudden flush of light came across my view of the matter, and the longer I thought about it the clearer did it become. These few words contain the whole enigma. Raphael makes no mistakes; his drawing is true, his colors well chosen and well treated, neither out of keeping with each other nor with the subject; his grouping is thoroughly considered; he observes the proportion and relation of every part; in one word, he is a *correct* painter. On this account he is admired by all those who are acquainted with the enormous difficulties of the technical part of painting; and it is therefore that those who are anxious themselves to overcome these difficulties study him with such persevering zeal. Raphael is a master of the *handicraft* of painting; and he must himself understand this craft who would thoroughly appreciate his perfection in this respect.

This handicraft, however, is still only the *body* of art; what of the soul thereof? is the question. To make no mistakes is but a negative merit; and, however hard it may be to accomplish, can no more constitute an artist than to have no vices will make a man virtuous.

The poetic fire must gleam through these colors and these lines, if they are to become living art. Does Raphael possess this creative power? Is there in him that inspiration, that soaring fancy, that bears us unconsciously heavenward on the mighty wings of genius? Do we read in his pictures the eloquence of an ardent soul; any passionate love, any fervent piety; deep, powerful feeling of any kind whatever? — No, and forever no! The composition of Raphael is throughout cold, feeble, conventional, inexpressive; the composition, however, is that which constitutes the work of art.

The law is truly laid down, but is it truly applied? Is there no composition, no dramatic expression, in Elymas struck with blindness? or the Preaching at Athens? or the Beautiful Gate? or Paul and Barnabas at Lystra?

Art may not have been Von Rochau's object in visiting Italy; but art ancient or modern — painting, sculpture, architecture, or remains, occupies a considerable share of his attention. Sometimes his opinions may be extreme or questionable, but there is always a reason given; the judgment is always clever, if not always sound; the criticism is lively and descriptive in a high degree, though, like most descriptive criticism, conveying the opinion which the piece *suggests* to the individual, rather than what it will universally convey. Here is an example, distinct, striking, in harmony with history; but who can say, reader, whether you or anybody else would see all this if it were not pointed out? There may be more of the tangible in Nero.

In the face of Tiberius, on the other hand, every feature is eloquent. An uncommon amount of understanding and strength of will may be read in the broad forehead and firmly

closing mouth; the whole form of the head speaks of intellectual capacity, and the face is the mirror of a rich and cultivated mind; but the eye is that of a crouching tiger. Nero looks like a talented gentleman, whose vices have not yet reacted on his originally pleasing countenance; there is a something of primness in it, perhaps the effect of the smooth chin and upper lip and the formal whiskers, which I have not noticed in any other antique head.

Entertaining and often solid as are the criticisms on art, and lively as are the descriptions of Italian nature and manners, the great interest of this book lies in its view of the condition of the people and the present state of opinion. Extensive travel and varied observation have shaken Von Rochau's patriotic estimation of Vaterland, but have confirmed his liberal opinions and love of progress. Such indications as are visible to a passing traveller of the tyranny under which Italy is groaning, or the feelings of the people towards their tyrants, did not escape him. And his opinion coincides with that of the latest travellers, that nearly the whole of Italy is a smouldering fire, ready to burst forth on the first opportunity. Venice seems to be the principal exception; where the easy good-nature of the people, and the extraordinary clemency of the governor (for though the terms of capitulation were favorable, their spirit might easily have been violated), have induced content. We all knew the intense hatred of the Milanese towards the Austrians, even before the late outbreak and its accompanying confiscations. The hatred of the Romans to the priests and the French seems fiercer than that of the Milanese to the Austrians. Even in Florence there is a feeling against the latter power, whatever there may be of loyalty to the duke.

The influence of English and French manners and customs, of which there are no traces beyond the Apennines, is perceptible enough in Florence. Without noticing such things as may be meant for the use of travellers — of hotels, English doctors, French cooks, &c., or of the abundance of foreign faces and foreign tongues in the streets — it may be boldly asserted that foreign habits and fashions reign in the Florentine homes.

The many similarities with German customs, however, which you meet with in the North of Italy, disappear almost entirely in Florence; and but for the Austrian possession one would only be reminded of Germany by the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*."

That the Austrian troops are here in a perfectly strange country and stand completely isolated, may be seen in a multitude of slight circumstances. They have no connection with the Florentine troops, not even that footing of military courtesy on which the officers of hostile armies often meet.

These are examples of the spirit at Rome.

The intercourse between the Romans and the French, however, is not always carried on in this harmless manner; and even during this carnival very violent scenes took place. That the French soldiers should make their appearance in crowds on the Corso was already an occasion of bitter annoyance to the people, and the occasional military rudeness of their unwelcome guests in handling the Shrove-Tuesday weapons was a ground of just complaint. On the other hand, the soldiers were exposed to many attacks, in which, sportive as they were supposed to be, a bitter hostile feeling was sufficiently obvious. The French officers came only in plain clothes, and, in general, the moment they are off duty they hasten to get rid of their uniform; an infallible sign of their unfavorable position.

The relations between the foreign garrison and the inhabitants of Rome have in part by no means improved by the lapse of time. There is, indeed, less of actual bloody strife, but these things do happen from time to time, and the murder of single Frenchmen is an incident continually recurring.

The bitter feeling against them is universal; all the sins of the Papal government are laid on their shoulders; and in all things, great and small, the common sentiment is manifested.

When on Sundays there is a grand parade held on the Spanish Piazza, there cannot, out of the curious and spectacle-loving populace of Rome, be a hundred people got together to listen to the excellent military music, nor contemplate the fine military spectacle, such as assuredly neither the Pope's soldiers nor those of the Civic Republic could have offered anything to approach.

In the first days of my arrival, when I was looking about for a private lodging, I went into a house which had a great number of rooms empty. But when I had explained my wishes to the housewife, she turned suddenly to her daughter, with the question, put in an anxious tone, "But the gentleman is perhaps a Frenchman?"

The daughter, who, I suppose understood national physiognomy and accent too well to mistake me for a Frenchman, laughed, and gave the required assurance to the contrary; which had an immediately tranquillizing effect on the elder.

"And if I had been a Frenchman?" I inquired.

"Then I would not have let my rooms to you, sir," she replied: "I have had enough of the French."

One may hear every day the wish uttered, "Would that the Germans were here instead of the French!" But it would be a great weakness to place any reliance on such expressions, however sincerely they may be meant at the time. Were the Germans really here, they would be no greater favorites probably than the present occupants; and in Bologna the people say, "Would that we had the French instead of the Germans!" — the Austrians, videlicet. The rest of Germany may thank Heaven that no such task has been laid upon her; a task in which there is absolutely nothing to win — nothing in

the world — no credit, no gratitude, and least of all any agreeable self-approval.

As for the French troops, they are far from being proud of the part they are playing here; nor is France precisely, as we all know. But I am nevertheless convinced that the *French will never leave Rome of their own accord*. The Ecclesiastical State will never more stand on its own legs.

In Naples, the external signs of feeling are not so obvious, and the support of the foreigner is not so visible, though just as real. But for the Swiss troops the Bourbon would not long occupy his throne. So much is this the case, that the grave military offence of open drunkenness is passed over as a matter of course.

In Piedmont, Von Rochau found opinion very different, as well as such parts of government as the traveller comes in contact with — the police and the custom-house officials. Even the Roman Catholic religion seems to flourish under freedom of opinion, although the attacks of the press upon the Papacy are numerous.

What struck me, however, as more remarkable than anything in the architecture, was the great number of young men, whom, contrary to the usual custom of Italian and non-Italian towns, I found in the churches of Genoa.

Can it be, that, in spite of this wicked constitution that it possesses, Genoa is rather a religiously-disposed town; whilst in Rome, under the happy rule of the successors of St. Peter, the employment of all the spiritual and temporal means at its command has not enabled the Pope's government to check the tendency to infidelity, or what is, of course, worse, to Protestantism?

Rome is swarming with cowls and frocks and shaven crowns. In Genoa, on the contrary, you see few priests, still fewer monks; and of the Jesuits' scholars, with their clerical-looking vestments, none at all. Yet the Genoese are, to all appearance, good Catholics; whilst the Romans scarcely have any other religion than that of hatred and revenge; of which religion of theirs there will, probably, some day be a notable revelation.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE PINE-APPLE.

THE stately Pine-Apple, fair as it is, with its regular diamond-cut surface and elevated green crown, is very barren of reminiscences. The Archigallus, or chief priest of Cybele, was represented bearing in one hand a pine-apple in a cup. At Kensington is a picture of Charles II. receiving a pine-apple from his gardener, Rose, on his knees. This fruit, on account of its large and handsome crown of leaves, has been considered the emblem of royalty. Wherefore its companion shall be a royal poem, the composition of the eccentric daughter and successor of the brave Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and written at Rome

after she had abdicated her crown and renounced her religion — the faith for which her father died in battle: —

TIME.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.*
(Io son il Tempo alato, &c.)

"I am Time, winged Time,
Fate's minister sublime:
The universe shall feel my power,
And in an awful hour
Shall sink into annihilation.
I will spare naught in wide creation,
Save the abyss — the abyss profound;
And darkness thick to reign around."
"Ha, Time! hear thou thy fate:
Thou threat'nest to annihilate;
But thou shalt lose thy sway.
Soon as this world has passed away,
Thy rule, O Time! is o'er,
And thou thyself shalt be no more."

LIFE WITHOUT AN AIM. — We would now speak of the *aimless existence* — that strange anomaly in creation, a human being with nothing to do. Most miserable, worthy of most profound pity, is such a being. The most insignificant object in nature becomes a source of envy; the birds warble on every spray, in ecstasy of joy; the tiny flower, hidden from all eyes, sends forth its fragrance of full happiness; the mountain stream dashes along with a sparkle and murmur of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life gushes forth in harmonic work. O, plant! O, stream! — worthy of admiration, of worship, to the wretched idler! Here are powers ye never dreamed of — faculties divine, eternal; a head to think, but nothing to concentrate the thoughts; a heart to love, but no object to bathe with the living tide of affection; a hand to do, but no work to be done; talents unexercised, capacities undeveloped; a human life thrown away — wasted as water poured forth in the desert. O, birds and flowers, ye are gods to such a mockery of life! Who can describe the fearful void of such an existence, the yearning for an object, the self-reproach for wasted powers, the weariness of daily life, the loathing of pleasure, of frivolity, and the fearful consciousness of deadening life — of a spiritual paralysis, which hinders all response to human interests — when enthusiasm ceases to arouse, and noble deeds no longer call forth the tear of joy; when the world becomes a blank, humanity a far-off sound, and no life is left but the heavy, benumbing weight of personal helplessness and desolation? O! happier far is the toiling drudge who coins body and soul into the few poor shillings that can only keep his family in a long starvation; he has a hope unceasingly to light him, a duty to perform, a spark of love within that cannot die; and wretched, weary, unhuman, as his life may be, it is of royal worth — it is separated by the immeasurable distance of life and death from the poor, perhaps pampered wretch, who is cursed for having no work to do. — *Elizabeth Blackwell.*

* She died at Rome, 1619.

From Chambers' Journal.

POETRY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

WE suspect that the poetry of Mr. Landor is very little known to general readers; and that, even among the studious and most cultivated classes of his countrymen, there are few who can be said to be thoroughly acquainted with it. We remember De Quincey saying, that for many years he believed he was the only man in England who had read *Gebir*; and that, after some inquiry among his friends, he found Southey to be the only other person who had accomplished the same feat. To say the truth, it is not an easy matter to get through *Gebir*; and perhaps it is still more difficult, even after a deliberate perusal, to give an intelligible account of its meaning and intention. A dim and misty fable, wherein the supernatural is incongruously mingled with the natural, and brief glimmerings of poetry alternate with heavy passages of vague description and turgidity — the work presents next to no attractions on the surface, and, with the most laborious efforts to understand it, yields at the utmost but inadequate results. We cannot recommend *Gebir* to anybody as a pleasant entertainment, but we are still prepared to say, that none but a man of genius could have written it. It has an undoubted originality, which, while it gives no attraction to the poem, proves the author to be at least a man of power. The great defect is a certain crudeness of the judgment, implied in the selection of the subject-matter, and a further want of skill and perspicuity in the treatment. *Gebir* possesses some interest as a poetical curiosity, but, except in a few passages, it has none of those peculiar graces of style and sentiment which render the writings of our more prominent modern authors so generally delightful. Such passages as we speak of can never convey any accurate notion of a poem, but, as illustrations of the poetic faculty of the writer, they may, in such a case as Mr. Landor's, be easily detached and cited, without occasioning either misapprehension of his genius or injury to his reputation. One or two we shall here accordingly present, by way of showing the kind of gems which, at wide intervals, are imbedded in the otherwise dark and dreary caves of *Gebir*. Let us begin with some lines containing an image which Wordsworth afterwards expanded, in a famous passage of the *Excursion*. A river-nymph is described as saying to a shepherd:

I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,

*And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.*

Readers of Wordsworth will remember the lines beginning, "I have seen a curious child," &c., and notice their resemblance to the above. Among other striking and extractable passages, the following has seemed to us deserving of quotation. It will be seen that it expresses a pagan sentiment on the holiness and efficacy of prayer:—

For earth contains no nation where abounds
The generous horse and not the warlike man.
But neither soldier now nor steed avails,
Nor steed nor soldier can oppose the gods,
Nor is there aught above like Jove himself,
Nor weighs against his purpose, when once fixed,
Aught but, with supplicating knee, the prayers.
Swifter than light are they, and every face,
Though different, glows with beauty; at the
throne

Of mercy, when clouds shut it from mankind,
They fall bare-bosomed, and indignant Jove
Drops at the soothing sweetness of their voice
The thunder from his hand.

Stray lines of pithy sense and wisdom are frequently occurring in the poem. Thus, of brave men it is said:—

The brave,
When they no longer doubt, no longer fear.

Again, in regard to the lessons of experience, we have this—

From our own wisdom less is to be reaped
Than from the barest folly of our friend.

In the way of description, in which Mr. Landor is sometimes, but not always happy, the following representation of an Eastern morning displays a rich and pleasing fancy:—

Now to Aurora, borne by dappled steeds,
The sacred gate of Orient pearl and gold,
Smitten with Lucifer's light silver wand,
Expanded slow to strains of harmony;
The waves beneath, in purpling rows, like doves
Glancing with wanton coyness tow'rd their queen,
Heaved softly; thus the damsel's bosom heaves
When from her sleepy lover's downy cheek,
To which so warily her own she brings
Each moment nearer, she perceives the warmth
Of coming kisses fanned by playful dreams.
Ocean and earth and heaven was jubilee,
For 't was the morning pointed out by Fate,
When an immortal maid and mortal man
Should share each other's nature knit in bliss.

Gebir is a sort of epic, in seven books, and is luckily the only long poem which Mr. Landor seems to have attempted. Without offence to him, or to anybody else, we think it may be said, that there is no description of poetry for which his talent is so unsuited. In dramatic writing, he has succeeded better, though he has given us nothing that can be

properly styled a drama; indeed, he calls his pieces of this sort simply "acts and scenes;" and informs us, that although in a dramatic form, they "were never offered to the stage, being no better than *Imaginary Conversations* in metre." As such they are not by any means uninteresting, though they mostly refer to scenes and circumstances so remote from the studies of the general reader as to offer few attractions to him; and, except here and there in pointed thoughts and fine expressions, they manifest no extraordinary ability. It is chiefly in his collection of *Miscellaneous Pieces*—short occasional poems, written to express some fitting thought or pensive fancy—that Mr. Landor is likely to find any considerable body of readers. Many of these pieces are purely personal, but are not on that account deficient either in grace or sterling excellence. As it is the vocation of the poet to reflect the mental states of other men, and be the interpreter of their aspirations and emotions, whatsoever affects, interests, or perplexes him, will serve in the representation to excite the sympathies, and more perfectly express the sense of all who any way partake of kindred thoughts and feelings. So considered, these brief and unpretending poems of Mr. Landor seem to be calculated to impart a fine intellectual pleasure, and yield matter for meditation in moments when the heart is inclined to be still and commune with itself. The merit of this poetry lies mainly in its tone of calm reflectiveness, in a certain suggestive power which sets the mind of the reader thinking, and engages him for the time in the serious contemplation of some striking and peculiar view of human life. Such pieces as we have selected for quotation may be not unsuitably introduced by the following lines on the outlooks of middle-age:—

When we have panted past life's middle space,
And stand and breathe a moment from the race,
These graver thoughts the heaving breast
annoy:

Of all our fields, how very few are green!
And ah! what brakes, moors, quagmires, lie
between

Tired age and childhood ramping wild with joy.

It will be seen that, in this little poem, there is nothing gorgeous or particularly felicitous in the language—not a word of imagery or sentimental softness—yet the thought is eminently poetical, and, simply as it is set forth, suggests a great deal more than is expressed—the whole throng of cares and pent-up sadness which the tried and weary soul conceals, even while they press on him as the inner burden of his life. Our next extract is of a more imaginative aspect, and shows how admirable a picture the author can delineate in words. One seems to see the

majestically-attired Evening moving slowly over the landscape, and covering all things as she advances with the folds of her misty drapery:—

From yonder wood mark blue-eyed Eve proceed:

First through the deep and warm and secret
glens,

Through the pale-glimmering privet scented lane,
And through those alders by the river-side:

Now the soft dust impedes her, which the sheep
Have hollowed out beneath their hawthorn shade.

But, ah! look yonder! see a misty tide

Rise up the hill, lay low the frowning grove,

Enwrap the gay white mansion, sap its sides,

Until they sing and melt away like chalk;

Now it comes down against our village-tower,

Covers its base, floats o'er its arches, tears

The clinging ivy from the battlements,

Mingles in broad embrace the obdurate stone

(All one vast ocean), and goes swelling on

In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves.

We quote next a somewhat longer poem, wherein the influences of wrath and gentleness are very beautifully contrasted:—

Look thou yonder, look and tremble,

Thou whose passions swell so high;

See those ruins that resemble

Flocks of camels as they lie.

'T was a fair but froward city,

Bidding tribes and chiefs obey,

Till he came who, deaf to pity,

Tost the imploring arm away.

Spoiled and prostrate, she lamented

What her pride and folly wrought:

But was ever Pride contented,

Or would Folly e'er be taught?

Strong are cities; Rage o'erthrows 'em;

Rage o'erswells the gallant ship;

Stains it not the cloud-white bosom,

Flaws it not the ruby lip?

All that shields us, all that charms us,

Brow of ivory, tower of stone,

Yield to Wrath; another's harms us,

But we perish by our own.

Night may send to rave and ravage

Panther and hyæna fell;

But their manners, harsh and savage,

Little suit the mild gazelle.

When the waves of life surround thee,

Quenching oft the light of love—

When the clouds of doubt confound thee,

Drive not from thy breast the dove.

The following, as the reader will perceive, contains a consoling and excellent suggestion in regard to the transitoriness of earthly sorrows:—

The wisest of us all, when woe
Darkens our narrow path below,
Are childish to the last degree,
And think what is must always be.
It rains, and there is gloom around,
Slippery and sullen is the ground,
And slow the step; within our sight
Nothing is cheerful, nothing bright.

Meanwhile the sun on high, although
We will not think it can be so,
Is shining at this very hour
In all his glory, all his power,
And when the cloud is past, again
Will dry up every drop of rain.

From another point of view it is shown how the most brilliant spirits are the most susceptible of suffering and depression : —

The brightest mind, when sorrow sweeps across,
Becomes the gloomiest ; so the stream, that ran
Clear as the light of heaven ere autumn closed,
When wintry storm and snow and sleet descend
Is darker than the mountain or the moor.

In the next quotation, the reader will get a glimpse of Mr. Landor's views concerning the poetic art : —

Pleasant it is to wink and sniff the fumes
The little dainty poet blows for us,
Kneeling in his soft cushion at the hearth,
And patted on the head by passing maids.
Who would discourage him ? who bid him off,
Invidious or morose ? Enough, to say
(Perhaps too much, unless 't is mildly said)
That slender twigs send forth the fiercest flame,
Not without noise, but ashes soon succeed ;
While the broad chump leans back against the
stones,
Strong with internal fire, sedately breathed,
And heats the chamber round from morn till
night.

Some further ideas on this subject are presented to us in some lines addressed to Southey, between whom and Mr. Landor, notwithstanding the widest difference in their political and social views, there existed a close and uninterrupted friendship. A good deal of sound criticism is here condensed into a small compass. Pope's celebrated Essay contains nothing of equal merit, either in point of judgment or in the graces of expression : —

There are who teach us that the depths of thought
Engulf the poet ; that irregular
Is every greater one. Go, Southey, mount
Up to these teachers ; ask, submissively,
Who so proportioned as the lord of day ?
Yet mortals see his steadfast, stately course,
And lower their eyes before him. Fools gaze up
Amazed at daring flights. Does Homer soar
As hawks and kites and weaker swallows do ?
He knows the swineheard ; he plants apple-trees
Amid Alcinous' cypresses ;
He covers with his aged, black-veined hand,
The plummy crest that frightened and made cling
To its fond mother the ill-fated child ;
He walks along Olympus with the gods,
Complacently and calmly, as along
The sands where Simois glides into the sea.
They who step high and swing their arms soon
tire.

The glorious Theban then ?

The sage from Thebes,
Who sang his wisdom when the strife of cars
And combatants had paused, deserves more praise

Than this untrue one, fitter for the weak.
Who by the lightest breezes are borne up,
And with the dust and straws are swept away ;
Who fancy they are carried far aloft,
When nothing quite distinctly they descry,
Having lost all self-guidance. But strong men
Are strongest with their feet upon the ground.
Light bodied-Fancy — Fancy plover-winged,
Draws some away from culture to dry downs,
Where none but insects find their nutriment ;
There let us leave them to their sleep and dreams.

Great is that poet — great is he alone,
Who rises o'er the creatures of the earth,
Yet only where his eye may well discern
The various movements of the human heart,
And how each mortal differs from the rest.
Although he struggled hard with poverty,
He dares assert his just prerogative
To stand above all perishable things,
Proclaiming *this* shall live, and *this* shall die.

From these extracts, the character of Mr. Landor's minor poems will be partially perceived ; readers hitherto unacquainted with them must now consider for themselves, whether they possess attractions of a kind likely to be acceptable to their particular tastes and temperaments. It will be seen that the poetry is mostly of a contemplative cast ; not remarkably imaginative, nor imbued to any great degree with the graces or charms of fancy ; nowise stately or magnificent in diction, or particularly polished or exquisite in style ; but, in modest and simple guise, wisely thoughtful and reflective ; full of hints and intimations of a peculiar experience, and rich in that quiet wisdom which a man of fine gifts and extensive knowledge has constantly in store, and the utterance of which is to him as natural and easy as is the delivery of commonplaces to ordinary persons. No one can read these poems without observing their unelaborate and simple structure. They have all the air of spontaneous effusions. They seem to be the little sparks of light which the revolving mind casts off in token of a latent heat which cannot be contained or all concentrated in that subtle and vast activity, whose product in other forms of literature has been so admirable and magnificent. They have taken shape without premeditation, and without labor, and have the appearance of being almost involuntary utterances. Indeed, they might have been in some instances improved by a little more care and manual painstaking in the versification ; but for this mechanical excellence Mr. Landor appears to have no regard. He says once, in addressing Wordsworth :

That other men should work for me
In the rich mines of Poesie,
Pleases me better than the toil
Of smoothing under hardened hand
With attic emery and oil
The shining point for wisdom's wand.

Accordingly, what poetry he is in the habit of writing, he throws off from him with an easy carelessness, satisfied if the words and images he uses be such as will just serve as a body to the thought which it is his purpose to express. It is always rather the substance than the form which constitutes the merit of these productions; and though they cannot be said to present any very lofty views of human life and destiny, any grand conceptions of man's relations and vocation in the universe, they yet contain many excellent and consolatory reflections, many just and pure sentiments, much of that solemn and pensive beauty which, like the rays of moonlight about ruins and lonely places, gives a charm and a quiet glory to the sobered sadness that haunts the chambers of a soul deeply learned in manifold experiences. One suggestion may be given as to what seems the proper way of reading them; they yield most pleasure when perused deliberately, one at a time, following out the thought with its various suggestiveness, until its full meaning is gathered up and taken in. They will, most of them, be found to have a wonderful completeness, and each of them a separate and definite signification. They are not endless repetitions of a few fixed ideas and feelings, but they express a multitude of intellectual and emotional conditions; they are records of all the moods and phases which the author's mind has undergone, in the course of a life now considerably advanced, and bear witness to his large devotion to the interests of truth and beauty. For all men anyway like-minded, they cannot fail to prove pleasant and congenial reading; and to such of these as may not yet have been attracted to them, we here take the opportunity of recommending them. We hold them to be worthy of careful and deliberate study, and can testify that a prolonged acquaintance with them increases the gratification which they are calculated to afford.

TOO MUCH READING.—The following letter of the editor of the "Tribune," in reply to a subscriber, who complains that he has "too much reading" furnished to him in these double sheets, is too good to be overlooked; the correspondent may be imaginary, but the hit is nevertheless a palpable one. John H. Smith is the gentleman who writes, and here is the answer: "Dear John—Your case is distressing, but it is by no means so peculiar as you seem to imagine. It is not in the 'Tribune' alone, nor even in reading generally, that people labor under a difficulty akin to yours. For instance, your brother Baxter Smith came down here from the country the other day, and stopped at the Astor House, but had to quit—the living was too much for him. The food was very good and abundant—in fact, too much so—and that did him up. He did n't eat more than half way down the bill of fare,

while he saw others on every side who had got very near the bottom of it, and were still working away when he left the dinner-table, so full that he could hardly stand or walk. He had a touch of the cholera the second day, and was threatened with apoplexy, so he had to quit the Astor abruptly, and to take board at a chop-house, where he only ate what he called and paid for, plate by plate. Had he stayed, the coffin-maker would have taken his measure before this time. Then there was your cousin, John Z. Smith, who came down and bought a ticket to Barnum's Museum, and found it a regular gouge. He thought he was going to see every curious object in the world, and perhaps he might have done so; but, after looking his eyes almost out of his head for nine or ten hours, and giving himself a torturing headache, he had to give up, leaving half the objects unseen, because the attendants began to blow out the lights, and told him it was time to shut up and go home. And there your nephew, John Wilkins Smith, who came down with a sloop-load of turnips, sold them satisfactorily, and thereupon resolved to treat himself to a salt-water bath, which he did; but staying in two hours, in order to get the full worth of his money, he came out with an ague, and is now suffering severely from rheumatic debility. His case is even harder than yours; for you can stop the 'Tribune,' and he has been trying to stop the ague, and can't. There are more such cases, but let them pass. We will stop your paper very cheerfully, but we can't stop putting in more than any one patron will be likely to peruse. In fact, we can't give each reader what he wants of the news of the day, without giving his neighbor a great deal that he don't want. Nor can we give any one just what he needs to-day, without inserting many things that he probably would not want to-morrow. So we must try to present a bill of fare from which various appetites may be satisfied, though each may leave a good deal untouched."—*Hogg's Instructor*.

HARMONIC RAPPING.—If spirits can rap upon a table, it stands to reason that they are also able to strike the keys of a piano. The rappers should therefore extend the range of their entertainments by adding a Broadwood to their mahogany, and by combining the harmonic meeting with the spiritual *séance*. Weber, who was such a capital hand at supernatural effects, and whose amiable character during life renders it probable that his disposition is accommodating after death, would doubtless willingly oblige the company with an air or two from *Der Freischütz*, or *Oberon*, or perform the overture to the *Ruler of the Spirits*. The ears of the visitors might also be gratified with a genuine "Ghost Melody;" the effect whereof upon those organs would probably be to add, in a preternatural degree, to their natural elongation. — *Punch*.

THE face of the corpse seems as if it suddenly knew everything, and was profoundly at peace in consequence.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE LOST MESSMATE.

WHEN we lived at Greenwich, long ago, the scene of my greatest earthly delight was the park, and my chosen society the superannuated seamen who strolled down there from Greenwich Hospital. Better company than some of them might have been found for a boy of thirteen, but in those days the sea filled my imagination. Readers, I am a respectable draper in the Blackfriars' Road, and the crossing of St. George's Channel, in which I was terribly sick, has been the utmost limit of my voyages; but the interest now given to water-twist and fast-colors, then hung about double-reefed topsails, land on the lee-bow, and a strange craft bearing down. Great store was therefore set by the old mariners, who would talk and tell stories. Queer tales some of them had to tell, and few were slow to communicate; but the most satisfactory acquaintance I found among them was Tom Patterson. Tom said he was the last man that ever lost an arm by Bonaparte. How he came to the exact knowledge of his own distinction in that respect, I never discovered, but his right arm had been carried off by a cannon-ball, in action with a French vessel, almost at the close of what it is to be hoped we shall long continue to call the "last war."

It is my belief that Tom had come from Scotland in his day. His education was certainly better than that of foretop-men in general: he could read and write well; there were even traces of the Latin grammar about him; and at times Tom let out recollections of an old manse, which stood somewhere on the Firth of Clyde, and a wild, graceless lad, who ran away to sea. That part of the past was reserved for his memory's private domain. I cannot tell what ruins might be in it. Tom spoke little on the subject, and was never explicit; but if he had been the wild, graceless lad, there was a good work done by Time, the changer; for when I knew him he was a grave, quiet man, religious withal, after a discreet, sober fashion, and more thoughtful and intelligent than the majority of Greenwich pensioners. Whether Tom patronized me or I him, is still an open question. Half at least of my pocket-money (and that fund was not large) went in good-will offerings of tobacco and pipes for his behoof and benefit; and he talked with me about ships and sea-adventures under the park's old chestnut-trees on summer evenings. Noble trees are they, those said chestnuts, with the circular benches round their roots, on which so many have rested. There is one, in particular, said to have been planted by Henry VII., soon after Bosworth Field had made him King of England. I go to see it yet sometimes, though not now to see Tom Patterson. His cruise on this side

the stars has been long finished; but the bench below, overlooking the broad walk and the busy river, was the evening resort of my sailor-friend. On that seat, Tom appeared to me profoundly edifying, as he described the bombardment of Copenhagen, drew a parallel between Nelson and Collingwood (by the way, the latter was his crack-man), or explained how Acre was defended; but none of his historical essays ever made such an impression on my mind as a story he told me once, while we sat together in an April sunset. It was the Easter holidays, and Easter had not come early that year. The chestnut-trees were in full blossom, and the park in full green. Half London had come out, as usual, to trample it down; but the crowd was growing thin for the sun was setting, and we sat on our accustomed seat, watching its diminution, when the great attraction of the day passed by. This was a Chinese — whether real or fictitious I know not; but he sold paper-lanterns, wore a loose cotton gown, a pair of flannel shoes, and an enormous pig-tail. I was admiring that weapon of his warfare, and Tom, with the pipe between his teeth, watching him with a look of indefinite suspicion, till he was fairly out of sight, when the old man turned to me and said, in his own sedate fashion, "Master Harry, I don't like them there Chinamen!"

"Why, Tom?" said I, having by this time picked up his prejudices. "Are they as bad as the French?"

"They're worse, Master Harry, by several chalks," said Tom. "No Christian can ever be up to them. They're as deep as the South Sea, and I'll tell you what first made me think so. When I served on board the *Rattlesnake*, in 1809, our ship was ordered to the China Sea, where the pirates had grown brisk from the scarcity of cruisers. Our captain was a jewel for conduct and consideration, though maybe too young for such a command. Most of our officers had seen service; there was not a lubber in the crew, nor a troublesome soul on board but Dick Spanker. We gave him that surname unanimously — for Dick had none of his own that ever I knew — when he threw a somersault in the rigging off Formosa. Where he was born appeared to be a puzzle to himself. Sometimes he said he was a Yorkshire, and sometimes a Cornish man; but one thing was plain to everybody — Dick was no beauty. Low-set, strong, and square of build, he had a dark complexion, very red hair, and a nose broken out of all shape by some blow or accident; but the most remarkable particular about him was an enormous right thumb. It was positively half the breadth of an ordinary hand; and just below the nail was a double x in deep blue. Dick said he put on that mark among the South-sea whalers, with whom such things are in

fashion. A wild life it must be among far seas and savage isles; but Dick had spent years in it, and quite became his schooling. He swore hard, and drank harder when he got it; would have ventured on anything, with either tongue or hands; and was never known to keep out of a scrape or quarrel when he could get into one.

"I can't say that any of us liked Dick, for he had a raw nature—maybe there was a crack somewhere in his brain; but we would have missed him as the odd man of the ship. With some sorts of captains, Dick would have had hard times; as it was, his grog was stopped now and then; but things went quietly on in our ship. The voyage out was prosperous. We never lost a man or saw an enemy. The Malays, too, had got wind of our coming, and kept well out of sight. Sail where we would, there was not a prow to be seen; but after beating about Fokien and Formosa for nearly a month, the East India Company's packet, *Maharajah*, from Canton to Madras, hailed us one morning; and her captain came on board with a long story of something that had happened between the tea-merchants and the mandarins. It wasn't much of a matter either. The Chinamen wanted more bucksheesh than the merchants were willing to give; but our captain thought the sight of an English schooner in the river might help to settle things; so the helm was put about, and the *Rattlesnake* steered for Canton. After we dropped anchor in the river, the bucksheesh somehow became satisfactory. The tea-merchants and the mandarins grew good friends again; and the Chinamen came by scores about us, offering to sell everything, and do any work at all. Master Harry, it would take me a fortnight to tell you what rogues they were—how they cheated us in silks and tobacco, in pigs and in tea. The main-deck was never clear of a row while that trade lasted; but nobody dealt or squabbled more with the Chinamen than Dick Spanker.

"Dick bought everything while he had a fraction—Nankeen pantaloons, crape cravats, tobacco-stoppers of sandal-wood, besides two fans, a scarlet shawl, and a set of small china, for a sweetheart he said he had at Deptford; of course, the Chinamen cheated him in every bargain, and the rows between them were terrible. Dick came across the discipline two or three times himself in consequence; and officers and men were glad when his money was done. By and by, we all began to wonder what made our captain lie so long in the river. Some said, it was to get a lot of uncommon grand crapes for his lady—a fine woman I'm told she was, living at Woolwich; some, that he was only on the look-out for shawls and tea-pots; and some, that the cards and dice were rather plenty at the Com-

pany's factory. The captain and most of our officers went there every day. Fine rooms they had, lined with china and looking-glasses, I can tell you. But we seamen were restricted to the boat-town, having a general order not to go on shore, on account of the Chinese laws against foreigners. There were forty thousand junks anchored in the river, in long lines, with streets of water between, through which the ships of all nations came and went. In these boats, all manner of trade and shop-keeping was carried on, and people had lived and died for I know not how many generations. However, there was nothing to be seen but eternal flocks of ducks, with dirty men and boys among them. Just think, Master Harry, what a dull spot it must be where a woman's face is never visible, though I'm sure I heard some of them scolding inside! That's done everywhere, you see; but it was our belief, that the boat-people were neither so smart at their work, nor so clever in cheating, as the men who came down from Canton.

"They told us such fine things about their town, that we grew tired of the river, particularly Dick, who latterly got in a manner wild for the shore, and used to grumble to himself by hours at the general order. Among the Canton-men there was one called Loo Chin, who dealt in all sorts of things, from pigs to porcelain; doing a little private trade in arrack and opium also. There was not a language heard at the port of Canton Loo Chin could not speak—English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese, besides the Malay and Tartar tongues. He boasted that his uncle was gate-keeper to the governor, and his brother the first player in the province; but I don't think a greater knave than himself came down the river. Loo Chin was small, squat, and dirty, he had a pair of narrow, slit-like eyes, whose very light was cunning; a pigtail that nearly touched the ground; and the blackest teeth I ever saw. That Chinamen had got Dick's last cash; but he didn't know it; and it was laughable to see him offering our messmate whatever nobody else would buy, at a price considerably raised for his special benefit. Many a furious squabble they had; but Loo Chin always came off safe, for when falsehoods failed him, he fell to flattery; and, rough as Dick was, that smoothed him down. He praised his beauty and his manners, his riches and his generosity, always rising higher in the strain the more he intended to cheat, till Dick half-believed him, but nevertheless reserved for his own entertainment the fact that his money was done, and none of our crew would spoil sport by mentioning it to the Chinaman. Loo Chin was by far the grandest describer of Canton and its wonders. He told us of a great fish-pond, with a tame dolphin in it; of a temple to their god of the wind,

where holy hogs, with golden collars round their necks, were kept; and, above all, of his brother's playhouse.

"I had always remarked that Dick had a singular turn for play-going. There was n't a single house of the kind in all England in whose galleries he had not been; and the establishment of Loo Chin's brother appeared to take his mind's-eye completely.

"Do you think one could get inside?" he inquired one day, when the Chinaman had been doing his best to sell him a yellow silk jacket full of holes, and describe the blue paint and gilding which decorated the said playhouse.

"Most sure," said Loo Chin, looking doubly cunning.

"Would one get safe back, I mean?" said Dick.

"With no doubt," said the Chinaman bolting down the ship's side into his own trading-junk, on the bulwarks of which he balanced himself for a minute, made a queer motion with his yellow hands, as if to tie up something in a bundle, gave a short wicked laugh, and dived below among his goods. I meant to keep a watch on Loo Chin after that; but whether it was his ill-success with the yellow jacket, or the coming of an American ship, that kept him from the *Rattlesnake*, we saw no more of the Chinaman. However, all hands were river-sick by this time, and a public meeting was held on the fore-castle, to petition Captain Paget for leave to go on shore. The boatswain's mate, who had been the son of a schoolmaster, and once saw his father sign a petition to Parliament against the hearth-tax, drew up our memorial in the same form which he said was the thing furthest off mutiny, and commenced, 'May it please your Honorable Cabin.' Captain Paget favorably considered our petition, as he did all the complaints of his men; but to keep the Chinamen's minds at rest, we were allowed to go only in parties of a dozen strong, every man taking his turn, with strict orders not to lose sight of each other, and to return to the ship an hour before the shutting of Canton gates, which took place at sunset. We gave three cheers that astonished the boat-town when the captain told us all that in a speech from the quarter-deck. The boatswain's mate said, if we had been in a Christian country, it should be printed in the newspapers; but the part that made most impression on us, was what the captain said in his wind-up—that he hoped we would justify the confidence our officers placed in us, by a prudent and orderly course of conduct, as became British seamen.

"The captain was not entirely mistaken in that hope. We took a general resolution to behave well; even Dick looked settled; and for some time, the parties came and went without disturbance, strict to orders, and punctual to time. We saw the Company's

factory, and the governor's palace—at least the outsides of them—the narrow streets, the queer houses, and queerer shops of Canton. The Chinamen stared at us, and called us 'Fanqui'; the children fled before, and the dogs barked after us; but our honor being concerned, not to speak of the going on shore, we took no notice.

"A party to which I belonged were getting the boat ready one day, and I was brushing my best jacket over the bulwark when Dick Spanker came to me, and said, 'Tom, can you lend me a few cash?'

"The Chinamen had n't left me much, but I knew Dick was going with us, and might want a trifle; so, having some in my pocket (Master Harry, it was the only loan ever I regretted), I gave him the half, and we started. The day was spent, as usual, strolling through the town, and being called Fanquis. We bought water-melons and some arrack—not much, for all hands were sober. The time of return was drawing near, when we got into a new street, and saw a great wooden-house without windows, with a Chinaman at the door beating a little drum. As we came nearer, Dick knew him to be his old acquaintance, Loo Chin. 'What sort of a pigeon is this you have got?' said he, running up to him (pigeon is the Chinaman's word for business).

"Calling people to the play," said Loo Chin.

"Is this your brother's playhouse then?" cried Dick.

"Be certain it is," said the Chinaman.

"Messmates, we'll all go in and see the play. When does it begin?"

"I don't know, and there's too many of you," said Loo Chin; and he fell to his drum faster than ever.

"Come along, Dick," said I, not liking the fellow's look; 'it's time we were homeward bound.'

"Dick did come; and we had got on a few steps, when, glancing back, I saw Loo Chin making signs to him. Just then, there came a great sound of gongs and bagpipes, which, they say, is the height of Chinese music, and down the street ran a crowd, making all sorts of noise for joy, because they were taking home a bride shut up in a covered chair like a great hoy, painted blue. We ranged ourselves along the wall, to let them pass quietly, and the capers they cut took my attention completely; but when all was over, and we had marched almost to the river, Dick Spanker was nowhere to be seen. We could not go to the ship without him, and a terrible search we had for the street. By the time it was found, the playhouse was as full as it could hold, with bands of men at the door—who drew knives and clubs, and roared at us as we tried to get in—but Loo Chin was n't among them. If

our cutlasses had n't been left in the *Rattlesnake*, I'm not sure that the captain's orders to keep peace at all hazards would have been obeyed; but unarmed as we were, there was no chance. The crowd was thickening about us every minute; the bars with which they close the streets were getting ready; we called on Dick with all the strength of our voices, but got no answer; and as the gates would be shut in another minute, we had a strong run for it to our boat. Of course, the captain was told the moment we got on board. He sent the first-lieutenant up in the cutter by day-break, to make a report to the governor. That great Chinamen promised that Dick would be inquired for throughout the province; but the end of all was, that nothing of our messmate was seen or heard of after.

"Captain Paget inquired, threatened, and demanded leave to search the playhouse; but the party he sent for that purpose—I was one of them—were taken to the street; shown the spot where the house had stood; told that the players had taken it with them on their journey to the northern provinces, which they made once a year, all theatres in China being movable; and also that no stranger would be admitted to a Chinese playhouse. Loo Chin's whereabouts nobody knew; and the captain at length concluded that Dick had gone with him to see some bargain or other, got into a quarrel, and perhaps met with foul play. Gradually we all became of that opinion; but no one cared for going on shore again; and as the time of the *Rattlesnake's* cruise shortly expired, we sailed home to Chatham. There it was found out that the ship wanted sundry repairs; her hands were accordingly drafted off to different vessels, and I, with some score of comrades, sent on board the *Thunderer*.

"There is no use in going over all that happened there; but the service was n't so easy as it had been in the *Rattlesnake*—we had fighting in the Mediterranean, fever at Fernando Po, and a storm in the Western Pacific, that made us glad to run into Manilla. The Spanish governor there held fast by King Ferdinand; and as England's armies were doing some tight work for him in Spain, Manilla was a friendly port for an English vessel. I remember it was just three years since we sailed from Canton—actions, fevers, and drafts had n't left one of the *Rattlesnake's* men on board the *Thunderer* but myself. The new messmates weren't quite up to the old; and though our captain was a good officer, he had a spice of pride in him that taught the whole ship their distance. There were no meetings in the fore-castle, no petitioning of his Honorable Cabin, I can tell you; but going on shore was no trouble at Manilla.

"It is a dirty town, and the worst part of it is the Chinese quarter. I had strolled in there one evening with three comrades, quiet

smoking fellows, who knew the place, and would have me to see a Chinese play. I thought of the old story at Canton, but they said it was uncommon curious, and Chinamen abroad have no such hatred to strangers as at home. The playhouse stood in an unpaved street, narrow and very dark, with old Spanish houses, which the Chinese had got hold of, and set up their shops and trades in. It was like the one I had seen at Canton—wooden and windowless—but very full of the Chinamen, standing thick and close round a railed space in the middle, lighted by great torches, with a trap-door in it, by which all the wonders came up. I can't say what the play was about, though I and my comrades got places quite near the rail. There was a man with a tame lion; another with two serpents twined about his arms; and last of all, the glory of the house, a great dragon, which the Chinamen said could talk all the tongues in the world, and had been brought from Pekin. It came up like a huge crocodile, only covered with a hairy skin. It had a long tail, a pair of fiery eyes that seemed far sunk in its head, and a mouth with great tusks in it. There was a boy on its back, and the performance consisted in his riding round the stage in a very gaudy dress, with a large China cup on his head, full of tea, of which a grain was n't to be spilled. The dragon went round twice, and the cup kept steady, to the Chinamen's great delight; but, by way of gaining more applause, the boy began to strike it with a bamboo to hasten the motion. At the first blow, the creature stopped, and, to my amazement, began in a smothered, snuffling voice, to swear hard in good English. The boy struck it again, and it tried to throw him. He kept his seat wonderfully; but the dragon kicked and plunged, flinging its feet about, and trying to turn over. Strange paddles the feet were, covered with the same hairy skin to the toes; but somehow it had got split on one of them, and through the rent I saw, as the torch-light fell on it, a great thumb marked with a double x in blue below the nail. The next minute its rider had got the dragon hauled near enough the trap-door, and with some help from below, he rode it down. I did n't stay five seconds after in the house. My comrades laughed at my story; but I flew to the ship, craved to see our captain, and told him all about it. The proud, cold man bade me go to my duty, and he would inquire into the matter. Next morning, an officer did go on shore, but the Chinamen's governor said it was all a mistake, and sent a present of imperial tea to the captain. We sailed for Acapulco three days after. The hands on board sometimes made jokes to themselves about the grog being too strong for me at Manilla; but, Master Harry, I'll never believe that that swearing dragon was not my lost messmate!"

PART II. — CHAPTER V.

THE next morning, Bagot, who was, when in the country, a tolerably early riser, issued forth from the house before breakfast, on his way to the stables.

The sun had been up two hours before, and was now looking warmly over some tall drooping ash-trees on to the southern entrance. Bagot stood and basked for a minute there.

It was a fresh, still morning. There had been a shower in the night, and a rustling might be heard amid the grass of the lawn, as of drops penetrating. Thrushes were piping busily in the shrubbery, May-flies were on the wing amid the grass, butterflies hovered above the old-fashioned flowers, heart's-ease, stocks, lilacs, and gillyflowers, whose mingled fragrance came fresh and cool upon the sense. Bagot contributed his mite to the general perfume by smoking a cigar, and exhaling with the smoke an odor of brandy; for he was very shaky in the morning until he got his dram, and would sometimes cut his chin dreadfully in shaving.

The beauty of the morning was in great measure thrown away upon Bagot. He knew no more about the witchery of the soft blue sky than Peter Bell. The verdure that gave him most pleasure, next to that of the race-course, was the green cloth of the billiard-table. The voice of the marker calling, "Red plays on yellow," was more musical to him than the carol of all the thrushes that ever piped. He stood there in the sunlight like a nightlamp that had been left unextinguished, murky and red, in the eye of golden and scented morning.

He glanced around him as he stood smoking, with his hands in his flapped skirt-pockets — looked upward at the brick front of the house, with its projecting turrets, its deep diamond-paned, stone-framed windows, and balustraded parapet — looked around at the thick shrubbery, where the uppermost laurel-leaves glanced yellow amid their dark-green, glossy brethren, as the morning light slanted in — and followed some outward-bound rooks in their flight over the lawn, and across the river, where a solitary fly-fisher was wading to his middle, till they reached the village, where other rooks of congenial temperament came out from the trees and joined them. And, having looked thus with his outward eyes, without seeing much of it with his inner — for his busy head was now, as generally, occupied with other matters — he walked along two sides of the house, and through the shrubbery, to the stables.

Harry Noble and a boy were busy here about the horses; and Kitty Fillett had stolen away from her mistress to try and soften Mr. Noble, whom she had found steeled against

all her wiles and attempts at mollification on the previous evening.

Bagot caught Kitty by the chin, as she started at his footstep, and attempted to make off; and, holding the chin between his finger and thumb, he stood looking at her simpering face, not saying anything to her at first, by reason of his continuing to retain his cigar between his teeth, while his lips separated in an approving smile.

"Baggage!" quoth the colonel, presently, taking his left hand from his coat-pocket, and removing the obstructive cigar without relinquishing his hold of the chin with the right — "how the deuce d'ye think men are to do their work with that handsome saucy face of yours looking at them! Can't you let the fellows alone for five minutes together? — ha, slut!"

"Indeed, sir, I don't want no fellows," said Miss Fillett, primly; "I merely kim to look at the horses."

"Horses!" roared Bagot, with a laugh; "you never looked at a horse in your life if he had n't a man on his back — you know you did n't. By the by, I saw you yesterday at the fair, Kitty — here's a fairing for you — something to buy ribbons with."

Kitty dropt a curtsy as she pocketed the brace of half-crowns.

"How does your mistress pass the time now?" asked Bagot. "What's the new dodge? Is she chemical, or botanical, or geological, or what?"

"We've been a little astromical lately," said Miss Fillett. "But my lady's a deal more lively now since the two young ladies kim. They're always together."

"Always together!" thought Bagot; "that won't do. How am I ever to get in a word if she always has these others at her elbow to back her up! That won't do at all;" (then aloud), "What are the young ladies like, Kitty?"

"Very nice young ladies," said Kitty. "Miss Payne gave me a beautiful silk dress last week, as good as new; and, o'-Wednesday, Miss Rosa —"

"Hang your dresses!" quoth Bagot; "I did n't ask what they'd given you, but what they were like. Have they got any fun in 'em!"

"Indeed they have plenty," said Miss Fillett, nodding her head four distinct times. "They're as lively as kittens, and that's the truth."

"Does your mistress ride now?" asked Bagot.

"Not since the young ladies have been here, sir. They don't ride, and my lady stays with 'em for company."

"I must look to this," said Bagot to himself, as, resuming his cigar, and releasing Miss Fillett, he entered the stable. "And,

Oh!" (calling after Kitty) "tell her ladyship that, with her permission, I'll have the honor of breakfasting with her."

The stable was not so well filled now as it had been in Sir Joseph's days. Bagot cared little for hunting. Stalls labelled "Valiant," "Coverley," "Bob," and "Bullfrog," were vacant, and the place of those hunters knew them no more. But the brown carriage-horses, Duke and Dandy, still stood side by side; Lady Lee's gray thoroughbred, Diana, turned her broad front and taper muzzle to look at the comer, and several others were ranged beyond.

Noble was polishing some harness, and a boy near was removing a bucket from a stall, where he had been washing the feet of a brown cob.

"Who's that?" inquired Bagot of Noble, pointing at the boy.

"The gardener's son, sir," said Noble, pausing in his occupation to touch his cap; "he's been here these three weeks."

"Lift that near hind-leg, boy," said Bagot, pointing at the cob. The boy obeyed.

"D'y'e call that dry?" said the colonel. "Don't you know it's enough to give greasy heels to a horse to leave him in that way, you careless young villain! Now look you," pursued the colonel sternly, but quite calmly, "I'm a good deal about the stables, and if ever I see you leave a horse that way again, I'll lick your life out. How's her ladyship's mare, Noble?"

"She's a little sore in the mouth, from the boy taking her out with a twisted snaffle," said Noble, "but she'll be all right to-morrow. The boy's getting on—he'll do better soon, sir," said Noble, good-naturedly, seeing the colonel's eye fixed fiercely on the boy.

"He'd better," said the colonel, grimly. "I'll put a twisted snaffle in *his* mouth."

And here I may remark that Bagot, in his care and affection for that noble animal, the horse, regarded stable-boys generally as a race of Yahoos, upon whom any neglect towards the superior creature they tended was to be instantly visited with unsparring severity. Accordingly, this morning saw the commencement of a series of precepts, threats, and veterinary aphorisms, which continued during Bagot's stay, and nearly drove the unfortunate boy out of his senses, but which, it is justice to add, had the effect of improving the economy of the stable wonderfully.

"And this is the filly, eh!" said Bagot, strolling up to a loose-box, and looking at a well-bred, handsome, somewhat leggy bay, that stood therein. "How does she go?"

"Rather hot and fidgety," said Noble, "but her paces first-rate, sir. Canters like an armchair, and walks fast, when you can get her to walk."

"Wants a light hand, eh?" said the colonel.

"Yes, sir," said Noble, "I should say she'd go well with a lady."

"Put the saddle on her and bring her out," said Bagot, casting away the end of his cigar. "I'll try her now. It wants half an hour to breakfast."

Lady Lee and her friends assembled at the usual hour in the breakfast room.

"We must wait for Colonel Lee," said her ladyship; "he is going to join us this morning."

"Why wasn't he at dinner, yesterday?" inquired Rosa.

"You mustn't expect to see much of him," said Lady Lee; "that is, unless you are anxious for gentlemen's society, and tell him so."

"And if we are," said Orelia putting out her lip, "what would he be among so many?"

"His coming down to the Heronry never makes much difference to me," said Lady Lee. "The colonel cares as little for flowers and literature as I do for race-horses and Cuba cigars, so that we have n't much in common. But here he comes."

Bagot entered with his usual swaggering bow and betting-ring courtesy.

"Ladies, I salute you," said Bagot, putting his fingers to his lips and waving them in the air, as a salutation general. Bagot tinselled over his natural groundwork of coarse humor with scraps of theatrical politeness, when in ladies' society. "Gad," he continued, as he drew a chair to the breakfast-table, "I'm reminded at this moment of a nunnery I once visited in Spain; the lady abbess was young, and not unlike Hester—but, by Jove, the nuns could n't boast so much beauty among the whole sisterhood as I see before me" (bowing to Orelia and Rosa, with his hand on his left waistcoat-pocket). "Luckily, I miss here, too, the dolefulness of aspect that characterized the poor things."

"Dear me!" said the sympathetic Rosa, "why did they look unhappy?"

"Probably for the love of Heaven," said Orelia sarcastically.

"Yes, the elderly ones, my dear Miss Payne; but the young ones, probably, for the love of man," returned Bagot, with a nod and a chuckle. "Ah! young ladies, 'tis the same all the world over; you may shut yourselves up in convents or in country houses, but you can't keep out the small boy with wings—he's about somewhere at this moment, I've no doubt," lifting the lid of the mustard-pot, as if he expected to find a Cupid hidden there, but it was only to make his devilled bone a little hotter.

"You'll hardly believe us," said Lady

Lee, "when we tell you that the subject of love has scarcely once been mentioned among us."

"God bless me!—how silent you must have been!" said the facetious colonel. "But that's wrong; you should always tell one another your love secrets; bottled affection is apt to turn sour."

"Now what *can* you know of the tender passion, colonel!" said Lady Lee; "and yet, my dears, you hear how he philosophizes about it, as if he were really acquainted with the sentiment."

Bagot reddened. He always suspected her ladyship of feeling for him a disdain which she did not care to conceal, and which, perhaps, really did exist, though the display of it was unintentional. It oozed out so unconsciously to herself, that, in a less clever person than her ladyship, he would probably have failed to notice it; but believing that she possessed satirical power, and feeling that there was no great congeniality between them, he frequently detected a latent disparagement in speeches which, coming from any one else, he would have taken either in a playful or a literal sense. So, after a minute's silence, during which he was struggling with sholer, which he felt it would be unprofitable to exhibit, he changed the subject.

"I'm sorry to find you've left off riding lately, Hester," said he. "Diana is getting as fat as a Smithfield prize pig, and I wonder you're not just the same. What exercise do you take?"

"We walk," said Lady Lee, "and drive."

"Walk and drive!" quoth Bagot. "Women crawl like spavined snails along the terrace, and get into a carriage that goes as easy as an arm-chair, and call that exercise. Riding is the only thing to keep ladies in health and condition. Besides, there are lots of places worth seeing around here too far to walk to, and inaccessible to a carriage; but how pleasant it would be to ride there!"

"But Orelia and Rosa have never ridden in their lives," said Lady Lee.

"Time they should begin," answered Bagot. "I've been trying the bay filly this morning, and I'm convinced she would carry Miss Payne (who, I'm sure, has capital nerve) to admiration. I'm going over to Doddington to-day to see Tindal, the major of the dragoons there, an old friend of mine, and I'll ask him to let his rough-rider come over and give your young friends a lesson. What d'ye say to that, young ladies?"

Both Rosa and Orelia were charmed at the prospect, and began to think Colonel Lee a very pleasant person. So it was agreed they should all drive over to Doddington, where the ladies had some shopping to do, and that the colonel should then arrange with the major about their riding lessons.

CHAPTER VI.

The detachment of dragoons stationed in Doddington was assembled at a dismounted parade that morning, to listen to an oration from the commanding officer, Major Tindal.

Other people were assembled there besides the troops. The yard of the principal hotel, where the parade was held, was thronged with admiring spectators. A week's familiarity with the cavalry had by no means bred contempt in the minds of the inhabitants of Doddington. Their hearts still thrilled to the sound of the stable-trumpet; at the march of the squadron through the streets, on its way to exercise, customers were neglected and business at a stand-still, until the last horse-tail had disappeared round the corner of the Butter-market; and soldiers, appearing singly in the town, became each the nucleus of a small reverential crowd, swelling in magnitude like a snowball as it advanced. Their spurs, their mustaches, the stripes of their trousers, were objects with the sight of which the populace found it impossible to satiate itself.

Accordingly, the troops were now the centre of a large circle, formed by apprentices who had deserted their trades; master-workmen, who, coming to look for them with fell intent, had forgotten their wrath, and "those who came to scold remained to see;" servant maids, who, running out on errands, with injunctions to be quick, had heard the trumpet, and been drawn as by magical power within its influence; ostlers and waiters, utterly reckless of their duty towards their neighbor; truant schoolboys in corduroys, with Latin grammars, geographies, and books of arithmetic slung at their backs, and whose pockets bulged with tops and green apples; young milliners, all curls and titter and blush; and paupers receiving out-door relief, who, quitting the spots where they usually basked away their time, like lazaroni, came up, some with crutches, some without, and having a blind man in their company, to satisfy their military ardor.

The major came slowly on parade, his hands crossed behind him, his spurs and scabbard clanking, his face stern. The crowd made a larger circle, and some little boys fled from his path—one or two, who stumbled in their haste, not pausing to rise again, but grovelling out of reach upon their hands and knees, expecting nothing else than to be immediately decapitated or run through the body. The spectators were prepared for anything of a martial nature, and when he called the parade in a short sharp voice to "Attention," they half-expected to see him draw his sword, and go through the cuts and guards—a proceeding, which, far from appearing singular to them, would greatly have

enhanced their respect. However, the major did n't do anything of the sort. Standing in front of the line, with his left hand on his sword-hilt, he commenced his address, which may be considered a pretty fair specimen of military oratory.

"Men," said he (and as he spoke you might have heard a pin drop), "you — that is, some of you — have been acting disgracefully. You were sent here to preserve order, and you have been the first to set an example of disorder. You have abused my indulgence in allowing you to partake of the amusements of yesterday, and you have brought infernal discredit on the king's service in the eyes of the inhabitants. If I can discover who began the affray yesterday, in the fair, let them look out! — I'll make an example of them! If I can't discover them, I'll punish the whole detachment — I will, by G—d!"

There was a momentary pause, and the major was about to recommence, when the corporal, of whom we have made mention, stepped to the front.

"I was the man, sir," said the corporal, with military brevity.

"I'm sorry to hear it, Corporal Onslow. You are under an arrest — fall in, sir. Officers," said the major, touching his cap, and the officers, touching theirs, fell out; — "Sergeant-major, dismiss the parade."

The corporal saluted, and fell back. A whisper passed about among the populace — they were about as well-informed as civilians generally are on points of military justice; and if the corporal had been forthwith blindfolded with a handkerchief, caused to go on his knees, and then and there shot, it would perhaps have excited more awe than surprise.

During this scene, the party from the Heronry had been looking on from the balcony of the inn; and Bagot Lee, seeing the parade was over, chose this time to go up and greet his friend the major.

Rosa Young had recognized the corporal immediately as Orelia's defender, and heard the major's words with horror. Orelia, however, was much too magnificent a personage to recognise a man in the corporal's station of life, however good-looking he might chance to be.

"Orelia, did you hear — did you hear?" cried Rosa; "you're not going to allow them to punish him, are you, Orelia?" "What did he say?" asked Orelia, who had been surveying the scene with a superb air, as if all the soldiers were hers, and brought there to be reviewed by her, before marching away to die in her cause.

"Why, they're going to punish him, because he beat the man who wanted to dance with you yesterday, in the fair. Oh, if you don't stop them, I shall go myself," cried Rosa, preparing to rush down into the yard.

"Stop!" cried Orelia, "this must n't be — I'll go myself. Of course, it must be explained and stopt," and she marched off.

Rosa watched her as she walked across the yard, and noticed the look of surprise on the major's face, as his conversation with Bagot was interrupted by the approach of the stately young lady. He listened courteously to her for a minute, and then called out, "Corporal Onslow!"

The corporal came up with the same unconcerned air as before, and saluted.

"I'm glad," said the major, "to find that your good character, far from being forfeited, is rather heightened, by the circumstance that took place: the lady you protected desires to thank you — you are released, of course."

"And, with my thanks, may I beg you to accept this?" said Orelia, holding out a hand in which gold was heard to chink.

The corporal bowed low over the hand, but did not offer to touch it. "It was enough reward for him," he said, "to have been of the slightest service."

Orelia pressed it on him without effect. "I must study how to reward you in some other way," she said at length.

"It would be easy," the gallant corporal replied; "a single word —" and then, as if remembering the major's presence, he drew himself up, saluted and walked off, leaving his reply unfinished.

"A strange sort of fellow that," said the major as he departed; "we can make nothing of him. A capital soldier, and the best rider, by far, in the regiment — but queer, very queer. He has nothing to say to the rest of the men, when off duty — never had a comrade — and the fellow's language and manners are really deuced good, and quite above his station."

"Rides well, does he?" said Bagot; "perhaps he would suit my book. I was going to presume on our old acquaintance to prefer a request, in behalf of this and another fair young lady, for your men to give them a little instruction in riding." "Or I'll do it myself," said the major; "and he'll be glad enough of the employment," he added, in a low tone, to Bagot; "for, between you and me, I believe the fellow is some wild slip of good family, and he'll be delighted to get away from the barrack-yard, which does n't suit him at all."

"That sort of thing is more frequent than people fancy," returned Bagot. "I remember, when I was in the Guards, we enlisted a sprig of nobility once; but our honorable friend turned out a shocking vagabond, and we were under the painful necessity of flogging him. Your corporal is certainly rather a striking-looking fellow."

"I saw him just after he was enlisted," said the major. "He looked uncommonly gentlemanlike, and wore deuced well-made clothes, though, I fancy, there was n't much in the pockets of them. He shall attend the ladies whenever you think proper. And, upon my honor," added the gallant major, turning to Orelia, "I envy the fellow his employment. I wish I was a rough-rider myself, Lee" — whereat Bagot chuckled.

These few words of the major's served to invest the corporal with a sudden romantic interest in the eyes of Orelia. The service he had done her the day before, little thought of when supposed to have been rendered by an inferior, and capable of being rewarded by money, appeared in a new and graceful light as the act of an unfortunate gentleman. And the difficulty of expressing her gratitude, in a manner suitable either to his apparent or his supposed quality, made her rate the favor above its value, and caused her thoughts frequently to recur to him.

Meanwhile the dragon officers looked on, envying Tindal, who, in this infernal stupid hole of a country quarter, had made the acquaintance of such a splendid-looking girl. They followed her with their eyes as she walked away, and watched her as she came out on the balcony and rejoined Rosa and Lady Lee there; and, while they stroked their mustaches, they uttered opinions on the party much warmer and more favorable than the customary *nonchalance* and *poco-curantism* of military criticism would have sanctioned.

"Magnificent girl, certainly," said Captain Sloperton, a handsome exquisite; "but I prefer that pale one, with the chestnut hair — so deuced thorough-bred, you know."

"Oh, deuced thorough-bred!" echoed Cornet Suckling, who, in his eagerness to propitiate, would agree with anybody.

"Fine points about them, no doubt," said Lieutenant Wyld Oates, "but they're in too grand a style for me. Hang me if I should know what to say to either of 'em. Give me that plump, little, rosy beauty, for my taste."

"Right, old fellow," said Harry Bruce, Mr. Oates' particular associate; "she's a charming little thing — but there, they're going — you may put away your eye-glass, Sloperton. By Jove! I feel as if the drop-scene had fallen at the opera."

Though the parade had broken up, the crowd still lingered. Some sanguine spirits, perhaps, were yet of opinion that justice was about to be done on the offending corporal. Some were unable to tear themselves away from the contemplation of the officers, as they remained chatting in a group. Nobody thought of leaving, so long as a vestige of gold lace or a single spur was to be seen.

The royal mail had driven up to the hotel, and stooped to change horses, but the ostlers had decamped to look at the military, and the guard was obliged to harness the abandoned team with his own august hands; while the stout coachman, instead of finding an obsequious stable-boy ready to catch the reins, and an admiring mob of idlers waiting on each oracular word that fell from his inspired mouth, stood actually alone, in his top-boots and broad-brimmed hat, in the porch of the hotel, bursting with suppressed wrath. During the next stage he touched up a lazy wheeler with the double thong so effectually, that the astonished animal took the whole draught of the coach upon itself for a league or two; but he never uttered a word for five-and-forty miles. At the end of that space, being nearly through the next county, he turned his head half round, and said to the guard —

"Here's a pretty go, Jim! — what the blazes shall we come to next?" after which, he uttered a short derisive laugh; and the guard, who, from long travelling that road, was better acquainted with his character and trains of thought than most people, knew that he was referring to the desertion of the ostlers and loungers at Doddington, and expressing his contempt for their military enthusiasm, and pity for their vulgar taste.

CHAPTER VII.

Before noon, on the day of the first riding lesson, Bagot came into the drawing-room, and announced the arrival of the corporal. In expectation of him, Rosa and Orelia were already equipped for the saddle.

"By Jove!" said Bagot, "either that riding-habit, Miss Payne, or the hat and plume, or both, are amazingly becoming to you. Stick to the costume, Miss Payne, stick to it by all means, whenever you are bent on conquest."

The opinion was just. Orelia certainly looked magnificent as she descended the oak staircase, holding her whip and the folds of her gathered skirt in her left hand. The hat and plume suited well the style of her face, and made her look like a graceful, brilliant cavalier.

The steeds were ready in front of the house, the bay filly fretting a little, and impatient of the bit. The corporal had dismounted, and was holding his troop-horse by the bridle. As the ladies appeared, he took off his forage-cap and bowed with a great deal of grace.

"Now, then, Miss Payne," said Bagot, going up to the filly and patting her, "don't be frightened."

Frightened! — frightened, indeed! as if she ever could be frightened! Such was the meaning conveyed in the scornful look that Bagot got in reply to his speech of intended.

encouragement. She placed her foot in Bagot's right palm, as if she had been treading on the neck of her man Friday. The filly snorted, backed, trod on Noble's toe, but Orelia, with a spring and a lift, was in the saddle; and the filly, her nose compressed by Noble's hand, stood fast while the stirrup was being adjusted—an operation that afforded desultory glimpses to the lower world of a perfectly enchanting leg, and gave Bagot such satisfaction that he needlessly prolonged it (not the leg, nor the stirrup, but the operation).

Rosa had mounted Lady Lee's favorite, Diana, without difficulty, though the little lady was somewhat nervous. Then the corporal was about to vault on his trooper, when Bagot called out to stay him. "We'll find you a better horse than that, corporal," said he; then whispering Orelia—" 'tis just as well, before intrusting him with so valuable a charge, to find out if he's qualified to take care of it. Fetch out the Doctor, boy. Did you put the curb on him?" said he to Noble.

"All right, sir," said Noble; "you could n't push a straw under it, 'tis so tight. He'll be a good un, sir, if he sits him," said Noble, grinning somewhat maliciously at the thought of seeing his rival unhorsed.

The Doctor, a somewhat cross-made but powerful chestnut, made his appearance from the stables at a smart trot, lifting the boy, who ran beside him hanging at the reins, nearly off his legs, and switching his tail and snorting.

"Now then, corporal!" said the colonel.

The corporal glanced at the curb, which he saw the horse would n't endure, and put his finger on it.

"Up with you!" cried Bagot, with an impatient jerk of the head.

Without a word, the corporal was in the saddle—not through the medium of the stirrup, but by a light vault that placed him at once in his seat; the stirrups had purposely been left too short.

"Quit his head, boy!" said Bagot.

The boy let go, and swiftly retreated several paces, for he anticipated mischief. The Doctor had such a notorious prejudice against a curb, that nobody at all acquainted with him ever thought of even showing him any other bridle than a snaffle. In a moment he was in the air, executing a great variety of feats, of a nature much more curious to a spectator than gratifying to riders in general; but the dragoon was "demi-corpsed" with his steed, and sat him, though without stirrups, as if on parade.

Presently the brute paused, with his fore-legs out and his ears back; then, without warning, he rose in the air, on his hind-legs. For a moment he stood poised, perpendicular-

ly; and the corporal employed that critical moment to slip his left foot in the stirrup, and to throw back his right leg over the saddle, thus standing upright, side by side, with the horse in the air, holding by the cheek of the bridle. For a moment it was doubtful which way they would fall. Rosa shrieked, and even Orelia turned a little pale; while a shrill scream was emitted by Miss Fillett, who was looking on privily, from behind a window-curtain; then, after a paw or two, the Doctor sunk forward on his fore-legs, and at the same moment the corporal, recrossing his saddle, was in his seat before the animal's feet touched the ground.

"He'll do!" cried Bagot. "Off with the curb, boy."

The boy sprang forward, and unhooked the links of the offending chain. In a moment the Doctor stood like a lamb.

In his excitement at the scene, Noble had quitted the bay filly; and the filly, in emulation of the Doctor's proceedings, became unruly. Bagot jumped to catch her head; but she bounded out of his reach, and, feeling no check from the loose reins, made off at half speed down the lawn.

Orelia did not scream in this, to her, novel predicament, nor lose her own head, though she had lost the filly's. She sat far stender than could have been expected, and even succeeded in catching her reins. But the filly was away; and in front was a ha-ha—a broad ditch faced with brick, dividing the shrubbery from the lawn—and for this she made.

"Curse the brute!" cried Bagot, making two frantic steps after the runaway; and then stopping short in despair, "She'll fall—she'll fall, as sure as fate!"—a prophecy that was dimly echoed by a shriek from Rosa.

But a potent auxiliary was at hand. The corporal, gathering up his reins, had struck his long-rowelled dragoon spurs into the Doctor, and gone off at speed. Orelia was close by the ditch when he reached her; he had hoped to catch her rein, and turn her steed from the dangerous obstacle—but it was too late. The filly sprang, and cleared the ditch, but the shock unseated her inexperienced rider, who, thrown on her horse's neck, must evidently, at the next stride, have come violently to the ground. But the strong arm of the corporal was, at that critical moment, passed round her waist, and restored her to her seat. He had cleared the ditch almost at the same moment as herself; and, now, catching the filly's rein, before she had recovered from her own astonishment at performing such a feat, he checked her pace to a walk.

"Bravo!" roared Bagot; "the fellow's a Centaur. Tip-top riding, by Jove! Boy, open the gate, and let 'em back. One jump of that sort's enough."

Orelia was a little pale when they rode back, but kept her nerve unshaken.

"Dear Reley," said the trembling Rosa, "you mustn't ride that creature—O, you mustn't! Get off, my dearest Reley."

"Don't be silly," said Orelia, coldly. "Come sir" (to the corporal), "shall we begin our ride?"

"Game, by gad!" said the admiring Bagot. "Game to the backbone. Yes, yes, go on—we can trust you with him. Take up the martingale rein—so!—show her how, corporal. A pleasant ride to you." And Bagot flourished his white hat after them, as they all three went down the road, and then returned to the house, to have a little talk with Lady Lee.

She was seated at the piano, playing and singing a song of her own writing and composition. Bagot had not much ear for music, nor was his soul tuned particularly to harmony; but he felt a sort of pleasure, at first, in hearing her magnificent voice pour forth the melody, and considerably waited near till it was finished; not very patiently, however, for he cleared his throat several times loudly, and shuffled with his feet impatiently on the hearthrug.

Having finished her song, Lady Lee did not sing any more, but went on playing. This sort of unconscious disregard of him ("treating him, begad," he said, "as if he was nobody") had frequently annoyed Bagot, and the irritation he felt gave his thoughts a somewhat bilious hue.

In the conversation which he presently opened, he had two objects in view, both suggested by his late successful interview with Mr. Dubbley.

He wanted to induce Lady Lee to receive that gentleman's visits, with so much toleration as should suffice to impress the squire with a belief that he might eventually succeed in his suit. At the same time, he did not wish her to give Mr. Dubbley enough encouragement to elicit a proposal from him, as it would certainly be followed by a refusal, and consequent loosening of Bagot's influence with that gentleman, when thus reduced to despair.

Secondly, Bagot considered that Dubbley was not the only man in the world who might be inclined to give value for his countenance in the matter; that it would, therefore, be necessary, as a preliminary to the forming of such lucrative acquaintances, to induce her ladyship to go into society. Lovers would, no doubt, appear—would be given to understand that Bagot's consent was necessary, and would, of course, as men of the world, see the necessity of propitiating him. If she should take a fancy to a man who was not disposed to be liberal, Bagot might always withhold his consent, and thus, in the event of her marriage, richly indemnify himself.

This may seem to many persons who are unused to the society of knowing men, trained to sharpness in the same school as Bagot, a somewhat heartless calculation. But Bagot was so imbued with the spirit of p. p. bets and Jockey Club rules, that, though far from an ill-natured man, he looked on all matters in which he had any interest in a sort of turf and billiard-room light. If he held honors, why should n't he count them? If his adversaries played badly, or did n't know the game, that was their look-out. His business was to win if he could.

Such certainly was, in plain language, the substance of the thoughts that influenced him. But nobody thinks in plain language, and hence comes half the error and misconduct in the world. If we could but think in words, how many a shadowy plausibility would fade to nothing—how many a veiled iniquity take shape repulsive and shameful! Bagot, accustomed to look straight at his own interest, which he could always see a long way off, dropt out of sight the dirty roads that led to it.

"You look paler, Hester," said he, "than when I was down last. You shut yourself up too much. How do you pass your time?—pleasantly?"

"O, very pleasantly," said Lady Lee, in a half-absent way, as was natural to her of late, when not conversing on topics, or with people, that much interested her. "That is" (waking up), "just as usual."

"And when is this seclusion to end? As I said, you shut yourself up too much. To be sure, I'm not a woman—thank goodness, no" (*sotto voce*); "but I can only say, a month of this sort of life would play the very deuce with me. Suppose, now, you were to begin to see a little company. What d'ye say to a ball—or a fête in the grounds—or some way of collecting your friends about you?"

Lady Lee elevated her shoulders wearily, and put out her lip at the idea.

"You really ought," said Bagot, "to make an effort to break through these quiet habits. Hang me, if you mightn't as well be a fly, and stick to the ceiling, as live in this way. What's the use of your accomplishments, if nobody knows them? What's the use of your reading, if you bottle it all up? Besides, there are those two young friends of yours dying, I daresay, poor things, for a little society and amusement. 'Pon my soul, I really don't think it hospitable to keep the unfortunate girls here, and allow them no diversion."

"I am much mistaken," said Lady Lee, "if more society would make them any happier here, or if the wish for it ever enters their heads. You have no idea how pleasantly the time passes with us. I only wish I had

half their faculties of enjoyment, and freshness of feeling."

"Extraordinary!" said Bagot. "As I said before, I'm not a woman; but, 'pon my life, what you can find to do here—what earthly excitement there is for you, is beyond my conception."

"Tiresome man!" thought Lady Lee, executing a difficult run on the keys; "how can I stop him!"—"Would you have us excite ourselves," said she, "with betting, and with brandy and water and cigars?"

"O, curse your sneers!" thought Bagot, an additional flush stealing over his nose; then aloud, "Women have their excitements, I suppose, as well as men. They can try, at least, to be sociable, and so give more pleasure to themselves and their friends."

"They can," said Lady Lee, leaving the piano and coming up to him—"they can be sociable in congenial society, but the difficulty is to get it. People's tastes differ so, and then some are so hard to please. You, I fancy, colonel, are not fastidious. You should be more indulgent to those who are."

Again Bagot reddened, suspecting sarcasm, though Lady Lee did not intend just then to be sarcastic, but was only expressing her thoughts.

"I choose my society, as I've a right to do, according to my own pleasure," said Bagot; "and 'gad, madam, though it mayn't suit your high notions, I think it better than moping."

"I did n't mean to offend," said Lady Lee, laying her finger on Bagot's arm, but immediately removing it, afraid of a tobacco taint. "Fastidiousness, far from being a merit, or a thing to be proud of, is a positive curse. I would give the world to be able to take people for what they are worth, and to be blind to spots, which catch my eye sooner, unfortunately, than merits. Insight, believe me, may mislead one more than dulness."

Bagot did n't understand her in the least, for he was by no means of a metaphysical turn.

"I know some clever women," said the still unmollified colonel, "as clever, perhaps, as any of my acquaintance—yes, any—but who don't think themselves above the rest of the world. They show their cleverness in surpassing their friends, not in shunning them."

Lady Lee looked quietly up at him. "Excellent," said she; "a good thought well expressed. You improve, colonel."

"Yes," said Bagot, exhilarated by this unaccustomed applause, "women who have head enough for prime-ministers, and yet have some life in 'em, madam. Why, the wife of a friend of mine carried an election last year by her canvassing. Never was such a popular woman; and I've seen her make points at whist that 't would puzzle Talleyrand

or Major A. to beat. That's what I call a clever woman, now," said Bagot, looking triumphantly at Lady Lee, as he finished this clinching illustration, and rather surprised that she did n't seem to appreciate it. "And besides the advantage to yourself," Bagot went on, "don't you think it might be as well for me to have some little civility shown to my friends!—for I've got friends here, though you may n't have any. But you never think of that," he added bitterly.

"Now, my dear colonel, I really must be pardoned for not knowing that we had any friends in common." ("Ah, another fling, madam!" thought Bagot.) "But you are right, and I have been very wrong not to think of that. Are there any in particular with whom my mediation might be of service? I can hardly think so."

"How do you know?" returned Bagot; "why should you hardly think so? My interests may be different from yours—you don't seem to have any, for that matter. The family interests, too, are all going to the deuce; and when the boy comes of age, he'll find himself, at this rate, a stranger, begad, in the land of his fathers." And Bagot paused for a moment, to let the pathos of this image take effect. "There's Dubbley, now, over at Monkstone (a good fellow as ever breathed, and one that I'm under obligations to); a little attention to him would be very acceptable to me, and useful too. But no! you'd see me at Jericho first! I know that—I know that!"

"O heavens!" said Lady Lee; "you know the man's a hopeless noodle, positively silly. You would n't ask me, surely, to encourage his visits. Consider the tax it would be on any rational creature. Besides, the poor man always seems so confused and bashful whenever I meet him, that he would certainly rather be let alone."

"No, he would n't," said Bagot. "He may n't be very bright, perhaps, but he's fond of ladies' society. Why, for all you know, he might take a fancy to Miss Payne or the other one; and he's rich enough to be a good match; you can't deny that." Lady Lee smiled at the thought of Mr. Dubbley's chance of success with either of them. "At any rate, as I said, I shall be obliged to you to be civil to him when he comes."

Lady Lee was anxious to atone to Bagot for the unintentional offence she had given him, and from which his manner showed him to be still smarting. So she at once promised to tolerate Mr. Dubbley, and to be as agreeable to him as she possibly could, whenever he came to the Heronry.

CHAPTER VIII.

Meanwhile, the riding party had passed through the lodge-gates out into the lane that

ran in front of them. The corporal rode between the two ladies, initiating them into the minor mysteries of the *ménage*.

"Little finger dividing the reins, if you please, Miss Payne. Feel the filly's mouth gently. Sit a little more upright, Miss Young, but not stiffly; you lean forward rather too much; and pray don't touch the reins with your right hand."

"Dear me," said Rosa, "how very stupid of me! you told me that twice before. I'm afraid you find me very troublesome, Mr. Corporal."

"Impossible!" said the gallant rough-rider; "I wish to Heaven my other duties were half as much to my mind."

"I'm sorry you don't like them," said Rosa, "but I had always imagined — (you'll excuse me, Mr. Corporal, for I'm quite ignorant of military matters, and the idea was certainly ridiculous) — I had always imagined that corporals were taken from among the common soldiers."

"So they are," said Onslow.

"And do you mean to say," said Orelia, fixing her eyes on him with surprise, "that you were once a common soldier?"

"I feel honored by your doubting it," said the corporal, bowing, with a smile; "but I certainly was."

"Dear me," thought Orelia, "the officers in this regiment must be princes of the blood at the very least!"

"But the common soldiers in the cavalry are not all gentlemen, are they?" asked Rosa.

"Gentlemen! — no," said the corporal, "nothing of the kind. Have the goodness to slacken your off rein a little — you are pulling your horse round."

For some little time they rode on in silence. How were they to treat this gentlemanly corporal? Both glanced at him — Rosa shyly, Orelia steadily. There was as little of the trooper in his face as in his manners. A handsome aquiline nose, short upper lip, round chin, wavy black hair, and somewhat dissipated look (as before mentioned), were the components of a very thoroughbred countenance. But whatever embarrassment they might have experienced, he certainly felt none, but wore precisely the air of a gentleman in the company of his equals; and such Orelia did not in the least doubt him to be. Nay, not content with coming to that conclusion, she mentally decided that he was a much finer gentleman than any of her acquaintance; and how far she may have been influenced in this opinion by his good looks, his prowess, and the danger from which he had so gallantly rescued her, I leave my lady readers to determine.

Presently the strangeness of the situation wore off, and, forgetting his uniform and the stripes on his arm, they found it very agree-

able to have a companion in their riding-master. They observed that he never volunteered a remark or opinion, avoiding all appearance of presuming on his position with them; but whenever he was appealed to on any subject, he replied with perfect ease, good breeding, and correctness of expression. And so they rode on, the two young ladies chatting unreservedly, and the dragoon occasionally joining in the conversation, till he began to forget his character of instructor, and, not troubling them with many hints or equestrian precepts, seemed to enjoy the ride as much as they.

Not far from the park gates, on their return homeward, they overtook a yellow caravan, travelling from Doddington fair to some other scene of festivity. On nearing it, Rosa recognized in the driver, who walked beside it, the venerable merry-andrew who had invited them up to his stage out of the tumult. It struck Rosa that she might at once requite his civility, and afford the highest pleasure to her friend Julius, by inviting the old gentleman to favor them with a private performance at the Heronry, and she resolved to accost him accordingly.

Mr. Holmes (that was the merry-andrew's name) appeared to entertain some delusive conceits respecting the appearance of his legs; for, not content with exhibiting them to the public in the tight-fitting hose already spoken of (which might have been justified on professional grounds), he wore in private life black velvet breeches and worsted stockings, with laced half-boots. He had also a calf-skin waistcoat, with long flaps, worn rather bald in some parts, and fastened with a row of blue glass buttons; a green shooting-jacket, with brass buttons; and a hat, with the narrowest brim ever seen on human head, except that of the Duke of Wellington, as represented in the authentic portraits of Mr. Punch. The venerable man walked beside his horse with all the alacrity that might be expected from so experienced a tumbler, while his family travelled inside the yellow caravan.

"Good morning to you," said Rosa, as they passed him. "Are you going far?"

Mr. Holmes turned round, and, seeing the young ladies, he stopped, brought his stockings together, till they formed but one perpendicular line, with the half-boots diverging in opposite directions at the bottom of it, and taking off his narrow-brimmed hat, he made a very flexible and elastic bow, without much apparent effort, though Orelia afterwards declared she heard his spine creak.

"Young ladies, your most obedient," said Mr. Holmes, in a thin, reedy voice, cracked partly with age, partly with continual playing Punch. "We are going, *Deo volente*, to Brixham, which is seven miles off."

"And are you in a great hurry?" asked Rosa.

"Now, what earthly business can that be of yours, you little gossip?" said the austere Orelia. "Can't you let the good man alone?"

"Why, he might come and perform to us, now he's so close," whispered Rosa, "and Juley would like it so much. Don't you think, Mr. Showman, you could stop at this house you see between the trees here, and favor us with a performance? and we'll endeavor to repay your trouble."

"Time," said the gallant though aged comedian, "is only valuable to me for the purpose of obliging the ladies."

"And you are sure it won't put you out of your way?" asked Rosa.

"Not at all," said Mr. Holmes; "I am accustomed to perform to the aristocracy, and I always prefer a discriminating audience. I shall attend you with pleasure, ladies."

"There now, Reley," said Rosa, triumphantly; "you see I'm not always wrong. Please to follow us, Mr. Showman."

"I expect to see you a Columbine yet," said Orelia, as they rode on.

So it came to pass that Lady Lee, looking out of her window to see them arrive, beheld with surprise the yellow caravan with the green door, and Mr. Holmes marching with a feeble stateliness of gait beside it, approaching her residence, and asked Mr. Dubbley—who, encouraged by his conversation with Bagot, had taken an early opportunity of coming to call—what could be the meaning of it? The squire, thus appealed to, left his seat in the background, and came to the window with such nervous haste, that her ladyship expected to see him go head foremost through the panes into a laurustinus bush on the lawn; but he was unable, though he rubbed his bald forehead till it shone again, to account for the phenomenon, otherwise than by considering it to be a piece of most particular impudence on the part of the trampers, entitling them to pains and penalties, which he, as a magistrate, was ready, in his ardor to oblige Lady Lee, forthwith to inflict. But Rosa's entrance cut short these hostile designs; for, at her explanation, Lady Lee confided Mr. Holmes and his family to the hospitality of the housekeeper, and decided that the performance should take place immediately after lunch, which was now waiting for the equestrians.

While the two girls were slipping off their riding-dresses, they had a debate, principally conducted by Rosa, on the subject of the puzzling, mysterious, gentlemanly corporal. Rosa was of opinion that he could be nothing short of a disguised nobleman, though she did not settle his precise rank in the peerage. Orelia said little, but, like the silent parrot, perhaps she thought the more.

Mr. Dubbley was attired in his choicest raiment for the visit, and smiled incessantly, frequently beginning sentences, and then leaving off in the middle, thus destroying any small chance his hearers might otherwise have had of divining his meaning, and hurriedly rubbing the bald part of his head, as if he were very hot, which indeed he seemed to be. But after a glass or two of wine he became more confident and coherent.

"Fine day for riding," said he to Orelia; "uncommon fine—never saw a finer. South-easterly winds and a cloudy sky. They say, you know, that when the wind is in the south it blows the bait into the fish's mouth."

"And, therefore, 't is a favorable day for riding, eh, Dubbley?" quoth Bagot, smiling on the ladies. "My friend Dubbley's allusions are, perhaps, a little obscure sometimes."

The squire, though he did n't understand Bagot's speech, perceived the intention to make fun of him, and rubbed his forehead with a yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, till, between friction and the moisture produced by nervous agitation, it attained a very high degree of polish.

"How can people say Mr. Dubbley's not bright?" whispered Orelia to Lady Lee. "I can see my own reflection in his forehead as plainly as in that dish-cover before him."

"Are you going on with your improvements at Monkstone, Mr. Dubbley?" asked Lady Lee.

Mr. Dubbley, at the moment the question was put, happened to be drinking some bottled ale, and, in his hurry to make reply, the fluid went the wrong way, and ran out again, partially, through his nose.

"Going on capital well, my lady," answered the squire, as soon as he had done choking. "There's one thing I think you'd like most particular—a summer-house on the plan of a Grecian pagoda, with a turpentine walk leading up to it, that takes you all round by the cabbage-beds, and along by the back of the stables."

"Are all your improvements confined to the exterior of Monkstone?" asked Lady Lee.

"By no means," answered the squire; "some of them are going on in the shrubbery. Your ladyship's no conception what money I've spent on plants and bushes lately. I got a good many hints from Dixon, Sir Christopher's head-gardener. There's no better agriculturist than Dixon; and if ever he leaves Sir Christopher, I'll get him to come to me. I'm no great hand myself at fancy gardening, though I'll grow marrowfat peas and early cabbages against any man for a ten-pound note."

"We're going to have a little conjuring

presently, Mr. Dubbley," said Rosa. "Are you fond of that kind of amusement?"

"Mr. Dubbley can't do any juggling, I know," said Julius, who was perched on a chair by his friend Rosa, with his eyebrows on a level with his plate.

"How do you know that?" asked the squire, smiling on him.

"Because I heard Uncle Bag say yesterday that you were no conjurer," said Julius.

"Silence, you villain!" said Bagot, shaking his fist at him. "Little boys should be seen, and not heard." But Mr. Dubbley took the insinuation quite literally.

"Very true," said he, "I've no turn for that sort of thing; I'm all plain and above-board. But I don't mind seeing jugglers, though some of their tricks do make one think that they've sold themselves to the—to the old gentleman," said the squire, adopting the most elegant periphrasis he could think of for the unmentionable word he had blundered on.

"Come," said Rosa, "as we've all finished, we'll go to see the performance."

Accordingly, they adjourned to another room, having a curtain drawn across one end, which, being lifted, revealed the venerable conjurer attired in the same magical costume he was accustomed to appear in at fairs. Before him stood a box covered with a cloth, and, the audience being seated, Mr. Holmes proceeded to execute sundry feats of legerdemain. But first he made a speech, cautioning them by no means to allow their attention to be withdrawn by any conversation he might address to them while executing his sleight-of-hand, as his remarks would be all made with a view of more easily deceiving their eyes, while their minds were thus distracted by his eloquence. This charming candor had a great effect on the audience, impressing them with a profound idea of the magician's perfect faith, and disposing them to be alert for the detection of his tricks, while they were more than ever convinced that their alertness must be baffled.

There was nothing particularly new, or especially marvellous, in the performance, the feats being the same that Mr. Holmes had been in the habit of exhibiting for the last half-century; nevertheless, seldom had he performed to a more attentive or interested audience. The only people inclined to make any disturbance were Julius, who, seated in Rosa's lap, broke out into shouts of delight, and struggled to rush behind the curtain after each feat that took his fancy; and Miss Fillett, who, being nervous and somewhat superstitious, occasionally shrieked, as she stood behind among the other servants, and then giggled hysterically.

Among other feats, he borrowed a shilling from Mr. Dubbley, and also his hat, which the squire surrendered not without misgiv-

ings; and, putting the shilling under the hat, requested that gentleman to remove the hat, when a guinea-pig appeared, to his great surprise and pleasure. Then the conjurer pretended not to know what had become of the shilling, till, perceiving that Mr. Dubbley was getting uneasy at the non-appearance of the coin, he directed him to look in the heel of his shoe, where it was found. "'Pon my life," said Mr. Dubbley, "'t is quite incredulous! I could n't have believed it if I had n't seen it."

Afterwards he drew a circle on the floor with a bit of chalk, and requested Mr. Dubbley—whom he appeared to consider a suitable neophyte—to place himself within it. But the squire stood secretly in great awe of witchcraft, and had once seen Dr. Freyschutz, at the London opera; consequently, he hung back, dimly expecting that, in the event of his compliance, the room might suddenly be darkened, and himself surrounded by evil genii, summoning him to surrender his soul to the enemy of mankind.

"No, hang it, no!" said the squire, wiping his forehead, and affecting to laugh knowingly, as the magician solemnly beckoned to him; "no, no, none of those tricks—one never knows what those fellows may be at." But looking round, and seeing a half-smile on Lady Lee's face, while Julius at the same time nearly struggled himself out of Rosa's arms, in his eagerness to be subjected to the magical influence, the squire, saying "Eh! well, never, mind; but are you sure 't is all right?—no humbug, you know," advanced lingeringly, and took up the position assigned him, with one foot at a time, amidst a suppressed chuckle from the servants; while Orelia, with her under lip a little protruded, and her mouth and nostril curved, looked at him with superb scorn. The only person who seemed to sympathize with him was Miss Fillett, who uttered two little shrieks as he entered the magic ring. Then the necromancer desired him to drink some wine-and-water from a charmed goblet, which he at first declined to do, till Mr. Holmes himself sipped a little of it, assuring him 't was veritable wine-and-water, such as he had drunk at lunch, when he was persuaded to take it; and muttering, "No tricks! damme, I'm a justice of the peace," swallowed the contents. Then Mr. Holmes took a bit of wood like a ruler, which he handed round for inspection. "No deception, ladies," said he; and, applying it to various parts of the squire's person, proceeded to draw from his ear, his elbow, and the bald part of his head, as if he had been a barrel, the wine-and-water they had just seen him drink, receiving it in the goblet, and subsequently offering it to any person inclined to be sceptical. He was proceeding with some more tricks when Mr. Dub-

bley darted out of the circle, feeling his ear, and looking at the elbow of his coat, while exclaiming—"No, hang it, 't is somebody else's turn now—one of you try!"

After some more feats, Mr. Holmes set up Punch's theatre, and performed the drama of that personage's life, with some variations invented by himself. The dog Toby, a small grizzled cur with a white face, misbehaved on this occasion, attacking Pick, Julius' cat, who had followed his master into the room; but the valiant Pick, accustomed to lord it supreme over all the dogs of the household, received him with such a scientific one, two, on the nose and eyes, that the dog Toby retreated howling, but presently returned to the charge, notwithstanding the formidable appearance of his antagonist, who suddenly swelled, tail and all, to double his ordinary size; whereupon Julius, slipping out of Rosa's arms, rushed to the rescue, and administered a kick that caused Toby to relinquish his hostile intent of reprisal.

The last part of the performance was the introduction of Mr. Holmes' little grandchild, about Julius' age, who was brought in by his mother, a slatternly, resigned-looking woman. The child, who was of a pale and serious aspect, was dressed in short drawers, pink hose, rosettes in his shoes, and a spangled doublet and girdle. He commenced by letting his legs slide out under him till they formed but one horizontal line, touching the floor; next, resting on his heels and hands, he bent backwards, and picked up pins with his eyelids; shouldered one leg like a musket, and, turning both over his back, hopped on his hands like a frog—all with much sadness and solemnity. Julius was enchanted, and whispered to Rosa that he should like to be able to do that, and to wear a spangled coat; but Rosa said she thought he had better stick to his own line, which was the legitimate drama; for Julius could repeat, "My name is Norval," "To be or not to be," and "Is it a dagger!" with good emphasis and discretion, and with appropriate gestures—accomplishments which Rosa seized the opportunity to cause him at once to exhibit, while Mr. Holmes looked on with a patronizing air. Then Lady Lee, calling Julius to her, desired him to fetch some of his playthings, which, together with a large plum-cake, he was to bestow on the little boy—the poor little boy who had nobody to give him playthings; and Julius forthwith endowed his young friend with the same, who received them without a smile, and handed them to his mother, who placed them under her shawl, and told him to thank the little gentleman.

"I suppose that's your daughter?" said Lady Lee to Mr. Holmes.

"My daughter-in-law," said Mr. Holmes, bowing.

"Does she perform in any way?" inquired Lady Lee.

Mr. Holmes shrugged his shoulders with a somewhat contemptuous grimace. "No talent," said he; "we tried her as a Columbine at one time; but the dress—'t is n't every one that can dress in tights" (looking down with great pride on his own drumsticks), and then added in a whisper, laying his finger on his nose, "Thick, beefy, clumsy!"

"And the poor little boy?" said Lady Lee; "he looks sickly. Is n't he well?"

"Not strong enough for the profession, I'm afraid," said Mr. Holmes; "talent, but no stamina." The pale mother sighed, and pressed the boy's hand. Rosa noticed the action.

"Why do you allow him to do these tricks, if he is not able?" said Rosa to the mother; "it seems quite cruel." But the woman gave her to understand it was quite against her wishes and prayers that the despotic Mr. Holmes persisted in training the boy, notwithstanding a child of hers had previously died under the discipline.

"Dear, how dreadful!—and such an old man too! How old are you?" asked Rosa aloud of Mr. Holmes. The woman hastily whispered to her that he did n't like to be reminded of his age; and Mr. Holmes affecting not to hear the question, the subject dropped.

Mr. Holmes, having now been rewarded so liberally as to call forth his very finest bow, and thanks in a set speech, prepared to depart. But first he was taken aside by the squire, who had conceived the idea that some insight into the art of conjuring might raise him greatly in the estimation of society in general, and particularly in that of Lady Lee.

"Is it pretty easy, now?" said the squire, taking Mr. Holmes confidentially by the lapel of his coat—"is it pretty easy, now, to learn those tricks of yours?"

"That," returned Mr. Holmes, "depends very much on the natural capacity of the pupil."

"Oh!" said the squire, who was somewhat doubtful of his own talents for acquiring anything not of a sporting nature; "and did you ever teach anybody?"

"Did I ever teach anybody?" repeated Mr. Holmes, gravely. "You are not then aware, sir, that legerdemain is an extremely fashionable pursuit?"

"Never heard of it before," said the squire, baffled by the long word. "I'm talking of those tricks you've been showing us."

"That is legerdemain," said Mr. Holmes, loftily. "I have had the honor, sir, of instructing some of the first noblemen in the land in the art."

"God bless me!" cried the squire; "who would have thought it! And are your terms pretty reasonable?"

Mr. Holmes rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and his nose also, for he could not easily rub one without the other. "Lord Thoroughpin" (a nobleman well-known in sporting and fashionable circles) "was my last pupil, and he paid me two guineas a lesson," said he.

"And did he learn it all in one lesson?" asked the squire.

"In three lessons, and with a good deal of practice, he mastered one trick," answered the showman.

"Six guineas for one trick!" cried the squire; "but you'd do it cheaper in the country, would n't you? Hang it, no. I'll give up the idea," he thought—"too expensive."

Bagot stepped out, when the performance was over, to have a little talk with Miss Fillett, whose cooperation he was anxious to secure in his design upon Mr. Dubbley.

"Come here, Kitty," quoth Bagot, beckoning her into the breakfast-room; "you can be a sharp girl, if you like—deuced sharp. Now, if you'll just follow my advice, and say nothing about it to any of your gossips (the tongue, by Jove, is a devilish deal the worst part about you women)—if you'll be mum, and do as you're told, I'll make it worth your while. This shall be the first instalment, Kitty," displaying a five-pound note.

Kitty stood before him primly, with her hands in the pockets of her apron.

"I wish to ask one question, if you please, Colonel Lee," said Miss Fillett. "Is it anything that's not proper for a respectable young female to do?"

"Bother!" said Bagot; "you know Mr. Dubbley of Monkstone, who's upstairs now?"

"I should think I did," said Miss Fillett, "and a saucy gentleman he is. I shall tell him a piece of my mind the next time he winks his eye upon me."

"No, don't mind him," said the colonel, grinning; "he don't mean any harm: he comes here to make love to your mistress."

"Ho, ho!" said Kitty, scornfully tossing up her head; "what'll he take for his chance, I wonder! Dubbley, indeed! Ho, ho!—the idea's perdisterous, colonel."

"Of course it is," returned the colonel; "but I don't want him to know that. For certain reasons of my own, which don't matter to you—perhaps I've got a bet about it, perhaps I have n't—but, for reasons of my own, I want him to think he's got a chance; and he'll never think so if you don't put it in his head. You can do that if you like."

Kitty nodded. "I could persuade him anything," said she; "why, he ain't got the wit of a child in some things."

"Of course you could," said Bagot. "Well, just you put it in his head, every now and then, that his courtship is going on swimmingly."

"Hexcellent!" exclaimed Miss Fillett; "I'll engage to puff up his conceit so, that he will make a hoffer in a week, if necessary."

"Ah, but it's not necessary," said Bagot; "don't you see, he'd get such a reply as would prevent him from trying his luck here any more, and there would be an end of the business. No; you must tell him to wait for your instructions, Kitty, as to the proper time for doing that. Play with him, Kitty. Tell him of remarks her ladyship has passed upon him, and make them warm or cold, as required; and the deuce is in it if you don't make something handsome out of him, besides what I shall give you; to say nothing of the fun of the thing. You love a little bit of mischief, Kitty, eh?"

Miss Fillett did not disown the soft impeachment, but rather confirmed it by at once entering into Bagot's views, and accepting the bank-note as a retaining-fee, promising herself diversion as well as profit in the business.

Mr. Holmes, having resumed the costume of ordinary life, and packed his stage-property into his caravan, together with his relations, now left the grounds, to disappear for some time both from the neighborhood and from our story.

CHAPTER IX.

Bagot having, as he considered, done penance the greater part of the day in ladies' society, resolved to indemnify himself by a snug dinner in his own quarters.

These were situated at the back of one of the wings of the house, and were fitted up in conformity with the taste of the inhabitant. The furniture was comfortable, and adapted for lounging; no infernal humbug about it, Bagot said. You might throw your leg over the arm of the chair when you chose to adopt that position, without fear of a crash; and the legs of the table were not likely to give way if any one sat on it, or even if a convivial gentleman performed a war-dance thereon after dinner, as had happened once or twice during Bagot's occupancy. Some wine-glasses and tumblers stood on a shelf against the wall, together with a case of bottles, so that there was no necessity to summon a servant whenever he wanted a dram, which was fortunate for the servant. There were some pictures on the wall, recording various racing events, on one of which Bagot had made what he called a "pot of money." Whips and spurs were plentifully scattered about, with here and there a stray running-rein, bit, or martingale. For literature, there were a sporting newspaper and a scurrilous one, and two or three volumes, one of which contained the memoirs of an illustrious woman, who has confided her love affairs to the public, and who, though never included in the list of

popular authoresses, may justly be considered as belonging to the number. Bagot had known this Messalina in his youth, and used to hint that he considered himself deuced lucky in not having his name stuck in the memoirs, though it is difficult to see how that could have affected his character.

To this retreat Bagot had directed a snug dinner to be conveyed — mullagatawny soup, grilled turkey, and a saddle of mutton — intending to get through the evening as well as he could in his own society, which was to him, of an evening, a dreadful affliction. He used to say that, though Bagot Lee was a deuced good fellow, he didn't know a more infernal bore to be alone with after dinner. On opening the door he was, therefore, pleased as well as surprised to see a figure seated in an easy attitude before the fire.

This unexpected visitor was a thin, wiry, rather tall man; he had hollow cheeks, an aquiline nose, and a bronze complexion. His eye was greenish in color, small, and open, so that you saw the full circle — and was unsoftened by eyelashes, for he had none. The thin lips, being habitually drawn back, had created in his cheeks two rigid lines, reaching from his nostrils to below his mouth, and more strongly chiseled than his age, which was about thirty, warranted. He had a thin crop of hair, and a prominent skull-like forehead. The expression was one of indomitable assurance, self-confidence, and recklessness, giving one the idea that he was excellently well-pleased with himself, without having any great reason to be so.

Mr. Seager — that was his name — was a fast man; so fast, that he had long ago outrun the constable, that functionary having for many years toiled after him in vain. He betted a good deal, and generally won; but his winnings, like the winnings of most knowing men, never seemed to enrich him. He lived altogether in public — at clubs, billiard-tables, and race-meetings — and thus possessed an enormous circle of acquaintance, at least two thirds of whom were rather shy of him. But this state of social difficulty, where he had, as it were, to hold on to the edge of society with both hands to keep himself in position, gave him far more pleasure, by employing his prevailing qualities of impudence and vigilance, than he possibly could have found in a life of ease and popularity.

However, there were some who considered him not a bad fellow in general, and, moreover, to be respected for his knowing qualities. "Cool hand, that fellow!" "Devilish hard to get over him!" such was the style of encomium passed on him by his panegyrists, of whom Bagot was one, though without any great reason; for if among the numerous mischievous spirits that accompanied poor Bagot in his career through life, any one was

especially entitled to be called his evil genius, that one was Mr. Seager.

Bagot looked up to Seager for the same reason that Dubbley looked up to Bagot — on account of his superior sagacity in sporting matters. Not but that Bagot's intellect was just as acute as Seager's, but he had drawbacks which Seager had not. For instance, Bagot was fond of the society he frequented for his own sake. He was rather popular in it, and would have been sorry to risk his popularity by any act likely to lower him in the estimation of the world he lived in. In fact, though he had no very strong sense of honor, he had the fear of public opinion, which is perhaps, with the majority, its not inefficient substitute. Seager was careless of the good opinion of his associates, and only required their toleration, thus widening considerably his field of action; for there are numerous acts on which the world, whether the sporting, the fashionable, or any other world belonging to our social system, may see fit to express a negative disapprobation, without passing positive sentence on the offender. Bagot would sometimes lend money to a needy acquaintance who applied to him, not so much because he was really good-natured, as because he wished to possess the reputation of being so. Nobody ever detected Seager in the commission of any such error. In fact, Bagot, in all his transactions and habits, was under an influence that Seager, going among his fellow-men antagonistically, as a spy enters an enemy's camp, did not acknowledge; and so it was that the latter, strong in his concentrated selfishness, seldom met with his match in his own peculiar walk.

"Hillo! where did you come from, old chap! What the deuce brought you here?" was Bagot's greeting.

"I thought I should astonish your weak mind," said Mr. Seager, holding out his left hand, without rising. "Tis rather a good joke, my coming to a place like this. Sit down and I'll tell you all about it. Don't give yourself any trouble. I told them to lay the table for two."

"Well, never mind telling me what brought you here now," said Bagot; "keep it till after dinner. I hate any bother just before dinner; here you are, and that's enough. Gad, Seager, I thought I was in for a solitary evening."

Mr. Seager laughed a little hard, grim laugh, and after a pause repeated it.

"Excuse me, Lee, but I was thinking what you would do if you ever had the misfortune to be clapt into jail at any time — (and not so very unlikely, you know). Four bare walls, a bed, and your own society. Damme, Lee, you'd go stark staring mad in a fortnight's solitary. I'll take you seven to four you'd be a lunatic in thirteen days."

"Stop that!" said Bagot, from the inner room, where he had gone to wash his hands: "I shall be obliged to you to find something pleasant to talk about;" and he growled out something not very flattering to Mr. Seager's tact in his choice of topics in general, but which was lost in the noise he made in the washing-basin. "What sort of a book have you made for the next event?"

"Capital!" said Seager, with another little hard laugh. "I may win seven thousand, and I can't lose more than a pony, let things go as bad as they like. Good men, too—Broughton gave me fifty to one in twenties against Titbury when he was an outsider."

"Lucky beggar!" said Bagot, arranging his coat and sitting down, as the dinner was placed on the table. "If I could afford it, I'd give you a thousand a year to make my book for me—and I don't consider myself a bad hand either. And how about the match with my lord?"

"Beat him, of course," said Seager; "'t was the best of eleven games, you know. Now, I think, out of the eleven I could have won nine if I chose, but I let him run away with five, and only won the match by a run of thirteen off the balls; consequence is, he's all anxiety for another trial."

"In which, of course, you won't gratify him, on any account," said Bagot, chuckling.

"I'm affecting shy at present," said Seager. "Told him 't was all luck, and he could give me points. I really should n't wonder if I got odds from him in the end. His conceit of his own play is ridiculous, you know."

"If you don't take that out of him, he's incurable," said Bagot. "Did you make a pretty good thing of it?"

"Pretty well," returned Seager. "He paid up like a trump, and not before 't was wanted, I can tell you, for I was precious hard up. By the by, Lee, I'm afraid I must dun you for that hundred and fifty."

"Can't you be quiet till after dinner?" growled Bagot, laying down his knife and fork, highly disgusted. "I vow to gad 't is enough to convert one's victuals into poison, to be reminded of such infernal matters just when one is beginning to feel a little comfortable."

"Quite right, old fellow—I apologize. We will, as you say, postpone the subject, especially as that was n't the only cause of my coming. You must know I was considering the other night, at the club, what part of the country I should favor with my presence for a few weeks; for, owing to certain reasons, town was getting too hot for me; and, happening to take up the paper, I stumbled on a paragraph stating that the—th dra-

goons were coming to Doddington. Now, I knew the regiment some years back, when they used to shake their elbows a little" (imitating the motion of rattling a dice-box), "and it struck me I might live at free quarters with you, and perhaps do a little business with the bones" (*Anglice*, dice), "at the same time. So here I am for a day or two, at any rate—and to-morrow we'll knock up those fellows' quarters."

"A deuced good move," said Bagot, "and one I was intending to make myself. I dine with them to-morrow, and so shall you. Take some sherry, my boy!"

When dinner was removed, both drew their chairs up to the fire, and helped themselves to a few glasses of wine, by way of formality, before setting into serious drinking. Both lit their cigars; but first Bagot rose, and, unlocking a drawer, came back with a bundle of notes, some of which he selected, and handed them across to his companion, saying—"There's your money; now let's have no more cursed dunning."

Mr. Seager was pleasantly surprised, for he had not expected such prompt and satisfactory payment. His inquiries drew from Bagot (who was rather proud of his own shrewdness, and anxious for the approbation of so good a judge as Seager) an account of the mode in which he had obtained the supply.

Seager sat for a little while silent, smoking vigorously. Bagot had presented him with a congenial subject for thought. Presently he asked—"Is this the only time you've tried the dodge?"

"Why, 't is the only chance I've had," answered Bagot. "One does n't meet with rich greenhorns like Dubbley every day."

"You must trot her ladyship out a little," quoth Seager. "By Jove, old fellow, with such cards in your hand, you ought to make a good thing of it; but you'll want a friend to help you. A man like Dubbley may be managed single-handed, but two will be better another time. I'm your man. In the first place, there must be a little puffing—rich widow, great beauty, and all that sort of thing, in the George Robins style—which you could n't do yourself with decency. As I said, I'm your man, and you must do as much for me another time. When I want a man to pull the strings and set the machinery going, I shall look to you."

Bagot made no direct reply, not caring to entertain the subject, which (though Seager's suggestions harmonized exactly with his own ideas on it) wore, certainly, rather a dirty aspect, when deliberately discussed. However, he thought there was, after all, no greater harm in borrowing money on these grounds than on any other; for Bagot—like all men living beyond their means, who are

not downright swindlers — in all his borrowings and extravagance, had some dim, hazy notion of a grand settling day, when everything was to be made square, though he never succeeded in realizing very distinctly the mode in which it was to be done.

"What sort of a woman is this Lady Lee?" asked Seager, presently.

"Why, between you and me, as friends," returned Bagot, "I may say that I dislike her confoundedly — I always did. I think I should have disliked most women in her place, but I've special objections to her."

"Why should you dislike any woman in her place?" asked Seager.

"Why?" almost scouted Bagot — "why? Because when my poor nephew, Joe, married, he cut me out of the chance of the estate. If he had n't married, he could n't have had an heir."

"Decidedly not," said Seager, with a grin. "So there's a boy, is there? Good constitution, eh?"

"Strong as a lion," said Bagot; "and I'm glad of it. He's a good little chap, and I don't wish him any harm; but you must admit 't was enough to try a fellow's temper to find one's self cut out for the sake of a mewling soft-faced thing in petticoats. 'T was done while I was in France, or I should have tried to stop it. However, Joe was so much younger than me, that I never expected to outlive him. 'T is since the poor fellow's death that I've been most vexed by the thought of what I've been done out of."

"God!" said Seager, "after that, you need n't trouble yourself to state your special objections to her. If she was the finest woman that ever stepped, I consider it your duty to hate her like the devil."

"Besides," said Bagot, "she's as proud as Lucifer, and deuced sarcastic. You've no idea what I've got to put up with from her. If I was n't a good-tempered fellow, I should tell her my mind pretty plainly. As it is I can hardly help flaring up sometimes."

"Don't do anything of the sort," said Seager; "you can do much better by keeping on good terms with her. If I were in your place, now, every time she offended me I'd put it in my pocket, and console myself with the thought of paying her off in a more profitable fashion than quarrelling. However, I'm glad to find that you'll be quite justified in considering your own interest only in connection with her. Damme, Lee, if I think she's entitled to the smallest consideration."

Bagot shook his head revengefully, and breathed hard. Between Seager's speeches and his own potations, he saw his wrongs through a more inflammatory medium than usual. His wrath seemed to make him thirsty, too, for his tumbler now began to be refilled with great frequency. Presently

Seager proposed a hand at *écarté* — and they accordingly commenced playing.

Bagot, when his head was quite clear — which it seldom was at this hour of the evening — played very well; but he never was a match for Seager, all whose soul, or instincts rather, were absorbed in the game. There was something feline in the expression of his hard, unwinking eye, so round and bare of eyelashes, as it darted from his own cards to those which his adversary played out on the table; while his mouth was retracted, and fixed in a grim half-smile. Winning or losing, his face wore the same watchful look — whereas Bagot's frown would deepen to a scowl over a bad hand; and, when fortune favored him, he would rap down a succession of winning cards with somewhat boisterous exultation.

At length Bagot's potations, which were not in the least interrupted by the game, rendered the cards somewhat misty and obscure to his sight. After having twice discarded his best trumps, and forgotten to mark the king, he threw down his hand, and pushed his chair away from the table.

"Come, one game more!" said Seager.

"No, sir!" said Bagot, sternly; "no, sir! I've had enough of it, sir!"

Seager perceived that Bagot had reached the turning-point in his drink, and was passing into the ferocious and quarrelsome stage, as he was always pretty sure to do after losing.

"Well, leave it alone, then!" said Seager.

"I shall leave it alone, sir, or I shall not leave it alone," said Bagot, thickly, and with increased sternness and dignity. "I shall do exactly what I see fit, sir. Understand that I shall exercise my own discretion on that point, sir! and on every other, sir — every other, sir!"

"Well, don't be savage, old fellow," said Seager.

"I shall be savage, sir, or I shall not be savage, as I shall consider best!" returned the uncompromising Bagot, letting his voice slip into falsetto at every other syllable. "You've won your money, sir, and that's enough for you! Never mind, sir!"

"You're a pleasant old boy," said Seager, settling himself comfortably in his arm-chair. "I think I'll smoke a cigar."

Bagot mixed another tumbler of grog, breathing hard all the time. Seager was accustomed to his little irregularities of temper about this hour of the night, and did n't take much notice of him. Presently Bagot commenced again.

"Old boy!" repeated Bagot, slowly, and with utterance not the most fluent; "will you have the goodness, sir, to inform me who you called old boy? Might I request information on that point, sir?" The dignity with

which this question was put was not to be surpassed.

"Never mind, old fellow," said Seager, puffing away at his cigar, "you shall be as young as you like."

"No, sir," said Bagot, rapping slowly on the table with his knuckles, and glaring at the stopper of the decanter before him as if it were the offending party. "No, sir—excuse me—I shall not be as young as I like; I shall be no younger than I am, sir, at your bidding, nor at any other person's—not an hour, sir!—not an hour, sir!" repeated Bagot, in every sentence remaining longer in the treble before descending to the bass, and slowly bringing his gaze round till it rested grimly on his guest. "Your conversation, sir, is unpleasant, and your manner is quarrelsome. I regret, sir, to be compelled to leave you;" and poor Bagot rose with difficulty, and made unsteadily towards the door of his bedroom. Having with some difficulty opened it, he paused a moment on the thresh-

hold, and glaring on Seager said—"You shall hear from me, sir, through a friend, in the morning"—after which he disappeared, and was presently heard snoring heavily.

"Shocking old fool when he's screwed," said Seager, throwing his cigar into the fire, and going off to his bedroom, where he slept comfortably and quietly; while poor Bagot, the victim of a troop of nightmares, puffed and gasped the livelong night, through his hot, parched, open mouth, in a slumber that looked not very unlike strangulation.

The next morning Bagot submitted rather sulkily to Mr. Seager's not very refined badinage on the subject of his intemperance on the previous night. They went over the stables together—afterwards rode out; and, on returning, played billiards, and drank cold brandy-and-water till it was time to dress and proceed to Doddington, to dine with the dragons—whither they went in a dog-cart, and enjoyed themselves, as will appear in the next chapter.

From Household Words.

THE SECRET OF THE STREAM.

WHEN the silver stars looked down from heaven
To smile the world to rest,
A woman, from all refuge driven,
Her little babe caressed,
And thus she sang:

"Sleep within thy mother's arms,
Folded to thy mother's heart,
Folded to the breast that warms
Only from its inward smart,
Only from the pent-up flame
Burning fiercely at its core,
Cherished by my loss and shame:
Shall I live to suffer more?
Shall I live to bear the pangs
Of the world's neglect and scorn?
Hark! the distant belfry clangs
Welcome to the coming morn.
Shall I live to see it rise?
Is't not better far to die?
Shall I gaze upon the skies—
Gaze upon them shamelessly?
Clasp me, babe, around my neck,
Do not fear me for the sobs
That I cannot, cannot check.
Oh! another moment robs
Life of all its painful breath,
Waking us from this sad dream,
E'en the wretched rest in death.
Hark! the murmur of the stream.
Nestle closely, cheek to cheek;
Let us hasten to the wave,
Where is found what we would seek,
Death, oblivion, and a grave."

And the tide rolls on forever
Of that dark and silent river;

And beneath the wave-foam sparkling,
'Mid the weeds embowered and darkling,
There they lie near one another,
Youthful child and youthful mother;
And the tide rolls on forever
Of that swift and silent river.

From the National Era.

AN APRIL RHYME.

BY ALICE CAREY.

It, in the sunshine of this April morn,
Thick as the furrows of the unsown corn,
I saw the grave-mounds darkening in the way
That I have come, I would not therefore lay
My brows against their shadows. Sadly brown
May fade the boughs once blowing brightly down
About my playing—never any more
May fall my knocking on the homestead door,
And never more the wild birds (pretty things)
Against my yellow primrose beds their wings
May nearly slant, as singing toward the woods
They fly in summer. Shall I hence take moods
Of moping melancholy—sobblings wild
For the blue, modest eyes, that sweetly lit
All my lost youth? Nay! though this rhyme
were writ

By funeral torches, I would yet have smiled
Betwixt the verses. God is good, I know;
And though in this bad soil a time we grow
Crooked and ugly, all the ends of things
Must be in beauty. Love can work no ill;
And though we see the shadow of its wings
Only at times, shall we not trust it still?
So, even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief—death cannot long divide;
For is it not as if the rose that climbed
My garden wall, had bloomed the other side?
New York, April, 1853.

From a late Liverpool paper.

THE CHILDREN.

"Who bids for the little children —
Body and soul and brain ;
Who bids for the little children —
Young and without stain ?
Will no one bid," said England,
"For their souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good and evil
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famine,
"We bid for life and limb ;
Fever and pain and squalor
Their bright young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
We 'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear them moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling,
"I 'll buy them, one and all,
I 'll teach them a thousand lessons —
To lie, to skulk, to crawl ;
They shall sleep in my lair like maggots,
They shall rot in the fair sunshine ;
And if they serve my purpose,
I hope they 'll answer thine."

"And I 'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime, with wolfish grin,
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay."

"Prison and hulk and gallows
Are many in the land,
'T were folly not to use them,
So proudly as they stand,
Give me the little children,
I 'll take them as they 're born ;
And I 'll feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn."

"Give me the little children,
Ye good, ye rich, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round
While ye shut your idle eyes ;
And you judges shall have work,
And you lawyers wag the tongue ;
And the jailors and policemen
Shall be fathers to the young."

"Oh, shame !" said true Religion,
"Oh, shame, that this should be !
I 'll take the little children —
I 'll take them all to me."

I 'll raise them up with kindness
From the mire in which they 're trod,
I 'll teach them words of blessing,
I 'll lead them up to God."

"You 're not the true religion,"
Said a Sect with flashing eyes ;
"Nor thou," said another scowling —
"Thou 'rt heresy and lies."
"You shall not have the children,"
Said a third, with shout and yell ;

"You 're antichrist and bigot —
You 'd train them up for hell."

And England, sorely puzzled
To see such battle strong,
Exclaimed with voice of pity —
"Oh, friends, you do me wrong !
Oh, cease your bitter wrangling !
For till you all agree,
I fear the little children
Will plague both you and me."

But all refused to listen : —
Quoth they — "We bide our time ;"
And the bidders seized the children —
Beggary, Filth, and Crime ;
And the prisons teemed with victims,
And the gallows rocked on high,
And the thick abomination
Spread reeking to the sky.

From Household Words

DIRGE.

A *FALLEN* angel here doth rest :
Deal gently with her, Memory ! lest
In after years thou com'st to know
God was more merciful than thou !

She cannot feel the timid peeping
Of loving flowers — the small moss creeping
Over her grave — the quiet weeping
Of saltless dew ;
She hears not — she that lies there sleeping —
Whoe'er accuse !

She hears not how the wild winds crave
An entrance to her sheltered grave ;
Nor heeds how they bewail and moan,
That one door closed to them alone ;

She nothing recks the cold rains' beating,
The swathed turf-sod's icy sheeting,
Nor hears, nor answers she the greeting
Of such cold friends !

Nor more, of summer suns unweeting,
To them attends.

Alas ! no season now has power
To charm her for one little hour !
Each change and chance that men oppress
Pass o'er her now impressionless.

She cannot note the gradual merging
Of Night in Day ; the Days' quick urging
To longer Weeks ; the Weeks' converging
In Months — Months, Years !
On Time's wide sea forever surging,
Till heaven nears.

The light is parted from her eye,
The moisture on her lips is dry ;
No smile can part them now ; no glow
Ever again those cheeks can know.

Harsh world ! oh, then, be not thou slow'r
The ugly Past to bury o'er !
Time yet may have some sweets in store
For our poor sister ;
Life cast her off ; that self-same hour
Death took, and kissed her !